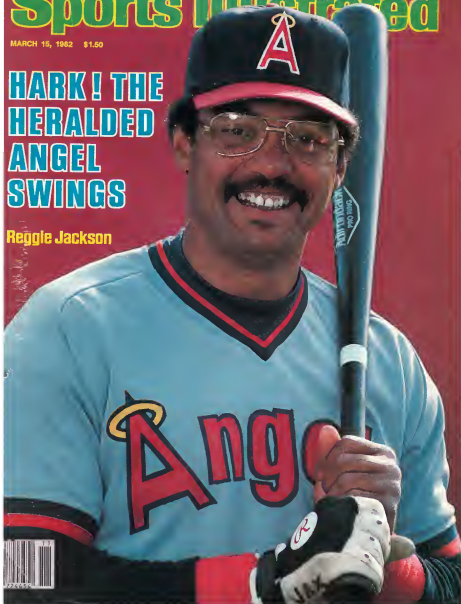


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 15, 1982 \$1.50

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



RON FIMRITE, REGGIE-WATCHING TIME AGAIN

Senior Writer Ron Fimrite was sitting in a bar in Casa Grande, Ariz., last week, interviewing Reggie Jackson for the story that begins on page 22, when Jackson turned to him and said, "How many times have we done this?" Says Fimrite, "We both had a feeling of déjà vu. I've interviewed Reggie countless times. I couldn't even add them up."

Fimrite, who in fact has the memory bank of a computer, does remember clearly the first time he met Reggie. It was back in 1968, when Fimrite was a sports columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and Reggie was a rookie with the Oakland A's. They were in a TV studio filming a pilot for a sports trivia show and were playing on opposite teams. Unbeknownst to Fimrite, Reggie mistook Fimrite for another sportswriter. "He was sitting there glaring at me," says Fimrite, "and finally he shouted, 'I don't know why you keep writing about me when you don't talk to me.'" Fimrite, completely mystified but never at a loss for words, shouted back, "I've never written about you."

Fimrite says now, "From that mo-

ment on, I've never stopped writing about him."

It has been a long and happy association. "I like Reggie," says Fimrite. "A lot of people reject him because of his flamboyance and self-advertisement. And that's all there, of course, but he definitely has star quality."

It is perhaps a measure of Fimrite's charm and bonhomie that he also gets on well with Oakland A's Manager Billy Martin. But it is a little-known fact that Martin and Fimrite were at Berkeley (Calif.) High School together. And although they didn't know each other there, Martin being two years ahead, the old school tie is strong. Says Fimrite, "Berkeley High is a source of endless conversation with us. Billy loves to talk about the teachers and the baseball team." He also has an unsettling tendency to break into the old Berkeley High fight song (to the tune of *On Wisconsin*) when he catches sight of Fimrite. "Sometimes I don't even see him," says Fimrite, "but then I'll hear 'Yellow Jackets, Yellow Jackets, break right through that line!' I'll turn around and there Billy will be, grinning at me."

Yellow Jackets may be a football song, but Fimrite's first love is baseball. We've been sending him to cover spring training for 12 years now, an assignment he never tires of. "It's the best way to watch baseball," he says. "You can hear, see and smell the game. Because the parks are so small, you're closer to the players."

By the time you read this, Fimrite will have left Reggie and the Angels in Casa Grande for what he regards as his "official headquarters" in Scottsdale, where he may or may not be being serenaded by Billy Martin. If you happen to be passing by The Pink Pony bar there, take a look inside. That rather dashing raconteur holding court will be our man Fimrite.

Philip D. Harbert

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PERSPECTIVE

by ALLAN POSPISIL

ISLANDS FOR LOONS MAY SEEM CRAZY, BUT THEY'RE SANE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Available: Seag floating-island homes on 18 scenic New Hampshire lakes. Cedar-log construction. Convenient locations on sheltered waters. Excellent security, privacy guaranteed. Good place to raise a family."

Catches? A few. The islands, con-

tained by four cedar logs spiked together at the corners, measure just six feet square, and after a time afloat the interiors, packed with sod and compost, soften to a mire. In strong winds, they may rock. There's another catch—only common loons need apply.

According to Jeff Fair, director of the Loon Preservation Committee of the New Hampshire Audubon Society, artificial islands as nesting sites are helping stabilize a loon population that has declined drastically, not only in the Granite State but also throughout the Northeast.

"The islands," Fair says, "offer attractive nesting sites where natural ones no

longer exist, where raccoon predation is a problem and on lakes subject to fluctuating water levels."

Shorefront developments have displaced the birds from many nesting sites. Raccoons, attracted to populated lakes by easy pickings at backyard garbage cans, also feast on loon eggs. In 1978 they caused more than 50% of all loon nesting failures in New Hampshire. Fair says no eggs on artificial islands, which were used earlier in Minnesota, have been lost to coons. And some of the loons' breeding lakes are siphoned for flood control or power generation, leaving nests that normally lie just above the

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waterline high and dry—and abandoned.

Formal efforts to halt the decline of resident loons in New Hampshire began in 1976, when concerned members of the state Audubon Society formed the LPC and hired several biologists to undertake a census.

Naturalists at the turn of the century had reported loons on every New Hampshire lake large enough to support them, about 200 lakes in all, according to Scott Sutcliffe, Jeff Fair's predecessor at the LPC and now executive director of the Long Island Chapter of The Nature Conservancy. Sutcliffe's surveys located nesting loons on only 34 lakes.

The findings confirmed what most observers already knew: The doleful cries of the loon—those maniacal-sounding wails and yells and yodels—had faded to a faint echo of what once had been heard. "... the wildest sound that is ever heard here..." wrote Thoreau when loons still visited Walden Pond. The Cree called them the "spirit of northern waters," but those waters in the birds' historic range across Connecticut, southern New York and Pennsylvania have long since been taken over for man's use. In 1977 the common loon was declared a threatened species in New Hampshire.

Fossil evidence suggests that the

loon's superb adaptation to the aquatic environment was one of the first and most successful (until now) by one of the earliest of bird orders. Hopelessly inept on land, loons are peerless swimmers and divers, pursuing and overtaking fish to depths of 185 feet. Their takeoffs are gained after desperate, wing-flailing runs that may cover a quarter mile of lake surface, and their spectacular belly-flop landings—the effect is that of a nine-pound club arriving at 60 mph—tend to attract attention, too.

Even under the best of circumstances, loons reproduce sparingly, laying two eggs that require 28 days of undisturbed

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PERSPECTIVE continued

incubation. Those juveniles that survive a gauntlet of natural predators spend two or three years on the ocean before returning to inland lakes to breed. It is believed that they mate for life and once they choose a nesting territory, come back to it year after year. Living long is the loon's best revenge: They are commonly thought to have breeding lives of 15 to 20 years.

To keep the loon's haunting voice sounding across New Hampshire waters, the LPC has campaigned up and down the state, urging lake users to allow the bird its needed privacy during nesting and chick rearing. The subject of countless slide shows, silhouetted on posters, its natural history detailed in pamphlets, the shy loon's celebrity is assured. An annual loon festival was begun in 1979, complete with a loon-calling contest. At the committee's headquarters in Meredith on Lake Winnepesaukee, you can buy loon T shirts, loon ashtrays, assorted loon gumrackery—proceeds to support the cause. Ten thousand copies of a recording of loon calls have been sold. The recording was used extensively in the film *On Golden Pond*.

From numerous lakefront cottages, volunteer observers monitor active nests, protecting them from potential intruders with considerable zeal—sometimes with shotguns. Hatchings have been celebrated with champagne.

There are, however, still occasional incidents of clowns in motorboats chasing loons—two chicks were lost that way in July on Balch Pond—and even a case of nest robbing by a Massachusetts man who, when he was apprehended, said he planned to hatch the pilfered egg himself. Such acts are state and federal offenses with penalties of up to \$1,000 and a year in jail.

The LPC launched its first artificial island in 1976 on Second Connecticut Lake, near the Canadian border. It sank. "It was made from red spruce," Sutcliffe says, "which was still green. After that, we used cedar."

Starting with five platforms in 1977 (on which were hatched two loon chicks), the LPC now manages 20 islands on 18 lakes. It's perhaps the most extensive use of artificial islands as loon nurseries, and the most successful, although success in encouraging loon reproduction is measured in small numbers.

Eight loons hatched from islands flooded in 1978, seven the next year and

continued



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PERSPECTIVE continued

11 in 1980. Last summer's 30 rafts produced 16 chicks; only 12 survived but those dozen juveniles represented 24% of all surviving loon chicks in New Hampshire.

"What's most encouraging," Fair says, "is the rate of nesting success on the islands. In the whole state, it was 50%—84 nesting attempts were made, 42 succeeded. But on the islands, we saw 10 successful nests out of 13 attempts."

More than half of the artificial islands were unoccupied last season, but that doesn't daunt Fair or the volunteers who will help him place them again this spring, just after set-out.

"The thing is snowballing," Fair reports. "Probably 10 people contacted me during the summer about putting out islands themselves. We provide instructions for building, locating and anchoring them. If a guy was just buying the materials and doing it himself, it would cost less than \$50."

Even if none of those inquiries results in new islands, Fair expects to float at least 14 additional ones this year on the state's three largest lakes—Winnepesaukee, Umbagog and Squam. In Fair's view, these lakes clearly show the degree of the inhibiting effect of human activity on loon reproduction. Winnepesaukee, the largest and also the most developed, contributed just one juvenile last summer, while moderately developed Squam produced three. Umbagog, farther north and spilling over the border into Maine, remains largely undisturbed, although it is one of the breeding lakes drawn down to generate electricity; of eight chicks hatched on Umbagog, seven survived to join migrating adults in the fall.

Overall, 308 resident loons were observed in New Hampshire in 1981, 40 more than in 1980, and it was the first time in six years of surveys that the count exceeded 300.

Wilder lakes still provide the best odds for nesting success, but ample instances of loon chicks hatched and fledged close to restrained human activity give reason for optimism.

"The most obvious lesson to be learned from the artificial islands and the cooperation we've had from so many residents," Fair says, "is that the loon can coexist on the same lakes with human development. The loon doesn't require an untouched wilderness, just responsible human behavior."

END



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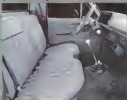
In addition to steel-belted radials, 5-speed transmission, and the rest of the items mentioned above, the list goes on to include a trip odometer, dual door armrests, eight exterior tie-down hooks, bright hub covers, and cigarette lighter.

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

EXEMPLARY AMERICA

The U.S. Basketball Writers Association bobbed the ball in its reaction to the arrest of University of San Francisco Guard Quintin Dailey on charges involving an alleged sexual assault against a USF coed. Only the day before Dailey's arrest on Feb. 22, the USBWA's nine-member selection committee had voted to include him on its 10-man All-America team. But within hours after Dailey was charged on five felony counts, the USBWA replaced him on the All-America team with the University of Wyoming's Bill Garnett. Then, after enduring a fire storm of criticism for that action, the USBWA this week reversed itself again, leaving Garnett on the team but also reinstating Dailey. Welcome though that about-face was, the USBWA's handling of the matter left that organization with a black eye.

The decision to expel Dailey from the All-America team had been stoutly defended by USBWA President Frank Boggs, the sports editor of the *Colorado Springs Sun*. Claiming that the vote to bounce Dailey from the team had been unanimous, Boggs said, "It was our feeling that an All-Star team is one thing and an All-America team is another. In athletics, an All-America should exemplify America on and off the court." Yet it wasn't clear who had taken part in that "unanimous" vote. One member of the selection committee, the *Indianapolis Star's* John Bansch, told SI that he had voted to expel Dailey because of the latter's arrest, explaining, "With five counts, it's pretty obvious he must have done something. If he really is an All-America, he wouldn't be in that situation." But another committee member, Kirk Weisler of the *Columbia (Mo.) Daily Tribune*, said he hadn't been called upon to vote on whether to expel Dailey. The *Oakland Tribune's* Ron Bergman, who wrote a story on the subject, got in touch with three other committee members, none of whom had been asked to vote on the question, either. Boggs isn't a member of the selection committee and supposedly doesn't have a vote, but he apparently was deeply involved in the decision.

Boggs' argument that selection to the USBWA team should exemplify America off the court bore closer scrutiny, too, and not just because All America, like All East or All Pro, properly refers to jurisdiction rather than one's moral worth. The USBWA, of course, is entitled to define eligibility for its honorees any way it wishes, but Boggs admitted that no requirement about off-court behavior had been spelled out. The criterion was adopted to fit the circumstances only after Dailey's arrest. In fact, Providence's Marvin Barnes was named to the 1974 USBWA All-America team even though charges of assault with a dangerous weapon brought by a teammate were pending against him. In 1976, Tennessee's Bernard King was named to the USBWA team even though he had had several brushes with the law. Significantly, Weisler expressed surprise at Dailey's expulsion and said, "I thought we were just judging his basketball talents." The *ex post facto* imposition of eligibility criteria on Dailey was reminiscent of a similar effort to rewrite history in the case of Paul Robeson, who was an All-America football player at Rutgers in 1918. Years later, because of Robeson's pro-Soviet politics, a football publication listed only a 10-man All-America team for 1918, omitting Robeson's name.

But whether the USBWA could justify the idea that its All-America honorees should be simon-pure off the court was almost beside the point. The fact remained that Dailey had merely been accused of a crime. He continued to play for San Francisco after his arrest (albeit, because of an anonymous death threat, under police guard during a 91-83 victory last week over Santa Clara, a game in which he scored 27 points), and he and the Dons were tapped for the NCAA tournament. Dailey has pleaded not guilty to the charges against him, and he faces a preliminary hearing in San Francisco Municipal Court on March 22. It was without explanation or apology that Boggs announced that he and other USBWA officers had repolled the selection committee, which then voted to reinstate Dailey. It may be that at least some of those responsible for removing

Dailey from the All-America team belatedly realized that the presumption of innocence is something else that exemplifies America.

THE SCHOOL THAT NEVER THAWS

The men's and women's basketball teams at Bluefield State College, a small (enrollment: 1,000) liberal arts and engineering school in West Virginia, have ended their seasons, and the Big Blue golfers of the school's only other varsity sports team will soon be taking to the fairways. Despite spring's approach, however, a wintry feeling continues to pervade the campus. And how could it be otherwise? After all, Bluefield State's athletic director is Barry Blizzard and its golf coach is Rick Snow.

Contrary to what one might assume, Blizzard didn't hire Snow out of some sort of meteorological rapport. In fact, he didn't hire Snow at all. By the time the



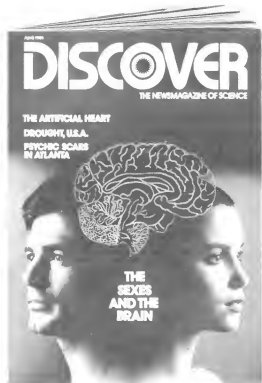
31-year-old Blizzard became athletic director in 1976 (he'd previously been the sports-information director and assistant athletic director), Snow, now 38, was already the golf coach and assistant coach of both the basketball and the now-defunct football team. Their names have naturally been the subject of much mirth, particularly when, also in 1976, the two men were marooned together during a road trip with the school's basketball team in a Clarksburg, W. Va. mo-

continued

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D74253



SCORECARD (continued)

tell by one of the worst snowstorms ever to hit the state. Recalls Blizzard, "There we were, Blizzard and Snow, stranded in a blizzard. We tried to make collect calls home, and the operator almost fell out of her chair when we gave her our names. She didn't believe us."

Blizzard and Snow are both avid skiers, but both are also glad that a couple of recent snowfalls, which raised Blinfield's total accumulation this winter to 25 inches, will soon be just a memory. Says Blizzard, with an air of relief: "Most of the snow is gone." Adds Snow, golf clubs as the ready "We're looking forward to spring."

THE RACE IS ON

In hopes of becoming the major leagues' first 300-game career winner since Early Wynn reached that milestone in 1963, 43-year-old Gaylord Perry last week signed a minor league contract with the Seattle Mariners giving him an opportunity to pitch his way onto the parent club's roster. If he does so, it will be interesting to see whether Perry, who has 297 victories, can win his 300th before his new club can win its 300th. The Mariners have 290 wins in their five-year history against 465 losses.

TRIAL AND ERROR

The NFL last week filed a motion to restrict the press's presence in the courtroom during the retrial of the Oakland Raiders' antitrust suit against the NFL, which is scheduled to begin March 15 in U.S. District Court in Los Angeles. The motion to limit coverage of the courtroom proceedings in five pool reporters came after the NFL was rebuffed in its latest effort to win a change of venue. The NFL believes that it can't get a fair trial in Los Angeles, and that if the case has to be tried in that city, its chances of a fair trial will be further damaged by repetition of what it says was "sensational" coverage during the first trial, which ended in a hung jury.

The refusal by both Federal Judge Harry Pregerson and the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals to award a change of venue is open to criticism. The suit involves the Raiders' efforts to reseattle in L.A. over the NFL's objections, a move that would involve a civic gain for southern California, a loss for northern California. Although it's certainly possible to

(continued)

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find jurors in Los Angeles who don't know or care about professional football, it will be more difficult to find Angelenos who wouldn't welcome, at least subconsciously, the chance to steal some thunder—and, yes, a football team—from northern California.

But limiting the press's access to the courtroom is unwarranted. NFL Attorney Patrick Lynch contended that the presence of a lot of reporters could be an "intimidating" factor by making jurors aware that they are going to be in the limelight. The proper remedy to that problem would be a change of venue, not restrictions on press coverage. It's almost incidental that the NFL's motion opened it to suspicions that it was trying to manage the news, especially after it welcomed 2,000 members of the media to Super Bowl XVI and lavished on them courtesy cars, canned interviews, hospitality rooms stocked with free drinks and even bottles of perfume for their wives. It's also pretty much incidental that the proceedings in Los Angeles significantly affect two tax-supported facilities, the L.A. Coliseum, whose governing commission is co-plaintiff with the Raiders in the suit, and the Oakland Coliseum, where the Raiders currently play. What isn't incidental is the fact that the press has the right under the First Amendment to cover public trials, a right that has been limited by the courts only in the most exceptional cases—for example, when minors are involved or in criminal cases in which the defendant's constitutional right to a fair trial is directly threatened by the presence of reporters. No such compelling circumstances exist in this case. Whatever the venue, the NFL's legal squabble with the Raiders and the L.A. Coliseum is very much the public's business, a fact that Pregerson underscored early this week in denying the NFL's motion.

FERNANDO ON HER MIND

Before assuming her role as anchorwoman on the 6 o'clock news last Tuesday night on WEFT-TV, the ABC affiliate in Burlington, Vt., Kasey Kaufman fretted over an item in her script about a decline in the price of crude oil in Venezuela. She warned her cameramen, "I'm going to have a terrible time pronouncing Valenzuela... I mean, Venezuela."

Sure enough, on the air Kaufman began the item by saying, "The price of

crude oil in Valenzuela..." Catching herself, she backtracked and said, "Fernando Valenzuela, but in Venezuela..." The cameramen cracked up.

Afterward, an embarrassed Kaufman allowed, "I don't know why, but I just have trouble saying Val..." She chuckled. "Venezuela."

Kaufman, 24, is a Los Angeles native, UCLA alumna and, yes, diehard fan of the Dodgers. We suggest that if she's ever called upon to mention Venezuela on the air again, she hold out.

TIME TO GET TOGETHER?

With the NCAA staging women's championships this year for the first time, the AIAW, the 10-year-old organization that put women's college sports on the map (with an assist from Title IX, the prohibition against federal aid to institutions practicing sex discrimination), finds itself barely clinging to life. So many of its member schools have fled to the NCAA that the AIAW's only realistic hope for survival is its pending antitrust suit against the NCAA in U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. Last week Judge Charles R. Richey urged a settlement of that dispute, giving the AIAW 30 days to come up with a settlement proposal, and the NCAA 15 days to respond. That fueled talk of a possible merger between the two organizations, a solution that NCAA lawyer William D. Kramer said "makes sense." But AIAW lawyer Margaret Polivy complained, "The NCAA says it's always willing to listen. That may be, but they're not willing to participate. They don't take us seriously."

It's hard to imagine an out-of-court settlement that wouldn't amount to the NCAA's absorption of the AIAW. Thanks largely to football television revenues, the NCAA is vastly richer than the AIAW, and its instant domination of women's sports will be evident when the regional of its inaugural women's basketball tournament get under way this week, the first step toward the finals in Norfolk, Va. on March 28. The top four and 17 of the top 20 teams in the national rankings are committed to the NCAA tourney, leaving only Texas (No. 5), Rutgers (No. 7) and Villanova (No. 16) in the AIAWs, whose finals are also on March 28, in Philadelphia. Still, the existence of rival national championships can only diminish both events.

The same is true in swimming. The

AIAW can lay claim to just one genuine swimming power, Texas, which is hosting the AIAW's four-day meet starting on March 17. But Texas' absence alone is enough to tarnish the NCAA championships, scheduled for the same weekend at the University of Florida. Texas won last year's AIAW meet, which was undiluted because there wasn't yet an NCAA meet, and its swimmers currently boast the nation's fastest times in 10 of 22 events. The fact that Texas won't lock Longhorns in a national championship with such rival powers as UCLA, Florida and Stanford, all of which are NCAA-bound, is a strong argument for bringing women's college sports under one umbrella and ending the duplication of national championships. As Texas Swimming Coach Paul Bergen complains, "The existence of two national championships is almost as self-defeating as the Olympic boycott."

LAWYER-CLIENT RELATIONSHIP

As a way of unwinding from the rigors of courtroom work, Ronald Grenda, a 34-year-old assistant public defender for Cook County, Ill., recently decided to take up boxing. Two weeks ago Grenda made his ring debut in the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament in the 165-pound class and was surprised to discover that his opponent was Ted Hutchenson, whom he had represented last year in a trial that ended with Hutchenson's acquittal on a burglary charge. After exchanging warm greetings, the two men entered the ring, where Grenda proceeded to put up a less successful defense against Hutchenson than he had for him. Hutchenson delivered several solid and unanswered blows to Grenda's head, prompting the referee to stop the fight and declare Hutchenson the winner at 2:34 of the first round.

THEY SAID IT

• Wilt Chamberlain, sponsor of Wilt's Athletic Club, whose star high jumper, Colleen Ruenstra Sommer, recently set an indoor world record of 6' 6½", pointing to his nose during remarks to a New York track luncheon: "I'd like to show people just how high 6' 6½" is."

• Jim Killingsworth, Texas Christian basketball coach, of Tulsa Guard Paul Pressley: "He's quick enough to play tennis by himself."

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For Both Love And Money

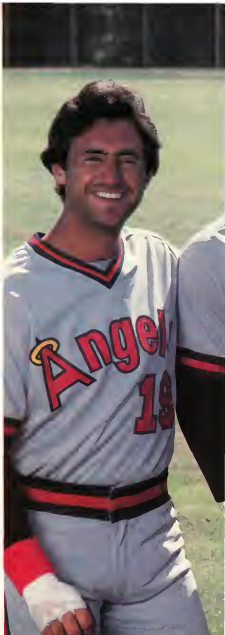
Reggie Jackson is floating on Cloud 9 now that he has joined a glorious host of California Angels
by **RON FIMRITE**

Mr. October was enjoying his moment in the March sun. As he stood behind the cage during batting practice one day last week at the California Angels' spring training complex near Casa Grande, Ariz., Reggie Jackson offered mock-serious counsel to new teammate Tim Lincecum, who was being confounded by the searing fastballs of Pitcher John D'Aquisto. "Trouble is, you don't choke up enough," Jackson advised Lincecum, whose grip was just beneath the bat's label. Lincecum squinted back incredulously at his chuckling tormentor. Jackson next addressed himself to D'Aquisto, who had just zipped another hammer past Lincecum's truncated bat. "Hey, John," he shouted, "why don't you put something on the ball?" When this sally evoked only a grunt in return, Jackson mounted a bench and, in the sibilant baritone of Red Sox public-address announcer Sherm Feller, declared, "Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, get out your scorecards . . . or you'll be shot."

The Angels hadn't played so much as an intrasquad game, but Jackson, as only he can, had made his pres-

continued

California's lineup will include four former MVPs: Lynn, Baylor, Jackson and Carew.





ence felt. "Reggie has the kind of personality that when he's around, you're aware of it," said Second Baseman Bobby Grich unnecessarily. And the Jackson presence so far has been a positive one. On a team that has four erstwhile American League Most Valuable Players (Jackson, Oakland, 1973; Fred Lynn, Boston, 1975; Rod Carew, Minnesota, 1977; and Don Baylor, California, 1979) and 11 former All-Stars, Jackson has been not only the stickout but also the camp cutup.

"He's already instilled a spirit here that I haven't seen in five years," says Angels Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi. "He's saying, 'Hey, you guys, winning can be fun.'" Indeed, the onetime stormy petrel of Yankee Stadium is trilling like a lark in his new surroundings. "I've never seen Reggie this relaxed," says Third Baseman Doug DeCinces, a Jackson teammate at Baltimore in 1976 and now again with the Angels. "He's always been in the fishbowl," says Baylor. "He knows he can relax here. He won't get all that pressure from the front office."

Cynics suggested that when Jackson signed with California on Jan. 22 for close to \$1 million a year there would be resentment among the Angels' other pampered plutocrats. And besides, why would a club so desperately in need of pitching acquire the services of yet another slugger? The Angels are, in fact, still searching hard for pitching help, but as former manager and current consultant Bill Rigney explains, "This man [Jackson] could be the one ingredient a talented club like this needs to make it." And far from resenting Jackson's sometimes overbearing presence, the other Angel stars have clasped him to their collective bosom. Four of them—Lynn, Baylor, Carew and Rick Burleson—appeared at the press conference that announced Jackson's signing and heaped encomiums on his scarcely bowed head. Burleson, in particular, spoke of Jackson as if he were the answer to an Angel's prayers. Burleson has since toned down the hyperbole somewhat, but he's still an unabashed Reggie-rooter. "He'll mean as much to this team as Yaz meant at Boston," Burleson, a former Red Sox shortstop, said last week. "He's been on winners. He's been through hard times and he's come back from them. He's a team



If No. 44 hits, he won't be 'Reggie Who' for long.

player, and I've seen him hit too many big home runs to doubt his ability to come through. He brings experience and lefthanded power. Last year we had only Rod, Freddie and [Ed] Ott hitting from that side as regulars. And only one of them, Lynn, is a power threat. Now they can't load up on us with righthanders." Indeed, in the Angels' first intrasquad game last week, Jackson—and Lynn—hit homers.

Carew, who was himself treated as something of a pool-bah when he joined the star-studded Angels in 1979, seems equally happy, if somewhat more restrained, about the arrival of his onetime rival. "Reggie will help tremendously," he said. "Sure, he'll strike out in some crucial situations, but he'll come up and hit one out in a lot of others. He has a history of coming through with the big hit." Watching Jackson cavort back of the cage, Carew smiled appreciatively. "He's been having fun here. I think he's found some peace of mind."

Jackson agrees. His attitude in the Angels' camp is in sharp contrast to the braggadocio style he employed upon joining the Yankees five springs ago. He scarcely endeared himself to his new teammates then with remarks on the self-

serving order of "I didn't need to come to New York to be a star, I brought my star here." And when he allowed as how he was "the straw that stirs the drink," he ruffled more than one pinstriped ego. The new Jackson can laugh at the old. "I'm a lot more mature now," he says. "I'm more secure. New York can bring that sort of thing out in you. There's so much intensity and tension there. You're under a microscope. I'm getting a lot more respect now than I got then. I've played on some good teams. I'm not competing with anyone for the spotlight. I honestly think that the people here are more concerned now with proving they can win. We're trying to be a team. Everybody knows what I've done. We need each other here."

Had he remained with the Yankees—fat chance—Jackson would most likely have seen more duty as a designated hitter than as a rightfielder, a prospect that filled him with loathing. Gene Mauch, in his first full season as the Angels' manager, says reassuringly, "It would be ridiculous to relegate him to DH with the enthusiasm and the proficiency he has shown in



Jackson and Mauch must lead the way if California is to make a run for the money.

the outfield since he came to our camp. Right now, I can't wait to write his name down on the lineup card as our rightfielder."

Jackson will be handsomely rewarded during the four years of his new contract. He'll reportedly get a guaranteed annual salary of \$900,000, plus \$0e for every paying customer who attends an Angel home game once the team has drawn over 2.4 million in a season, a provision that could add \$100,000 or so to his annual earnings if California lives up to its promise and becomes a contender again. (The Angels won the American League West in 1979 but have been 38 games under .500 since.) There are additional considerations that Jackson has been promised by team owner Gene Autry under a "gentleman's agreement" between these two honorable gentlemen. Still, Reggie may be a bargain already. When he signed less than two months ago, the Angels had sold only 4,800 season tickets, which is hardly surprising considering their abysmal 1981 seasons—fourth in the first, seventh in the second. As of last week, more than 15,000 tickets had been sold. Say what you will, Jackson can put fannies in the seats as only a handful of players can these days.

Reggie's salary, his highest ever, is certainly pleasant compensation, but Jackson claims the inner peace he has found in the Angelic environment is a higher reward. Reggie was already rich, anyway. He owns 45 or so automobiles, most collector's items, and has a house in Carmel, Calif. next door to Kim Novak—as well as another house in Oakland and an apartment in New York. He represents so many corporations—ABC, Panasonic, Nabisco Brands et al.—that he keeps a list in his wallet so he won't forget any of the firms if somebody asks him what he's up to. "I feel privileged to play for this team," he says. "I have good feeling here. I can't recall being more enthused about a season. I'm playing in one of the most desirable places in the country, Southern California. I'm with a great bunch of guys who respect me as much as I respect them. And this ball club wants me."

The implication here is clear: The Yankees did not want him. Not exactly, says Jackson. "I don't think George Steinbrenner wanted me. I think the Yankees did, but George does what he wants to. At that victory party after the playoffs in Oakland last fall, when Nettles and I had that problem [a fistfight], George ran down the hall shouting,

'Goddamn it, Jackson, you've done it again! Right away, you see, it was my fault.' But the Jackson-Steinbrenner debates of last season—as distinguished from their set-toes in Reggie's other four seasons in New York—started in the spring. "I told George I'd like to sign before '81, that I didn't want to play out the option year of my contract," Jackson says. "Well, it didn't work out. Then I was late to spring training because I had some work to do for ABC and because I needed to go home to Oakland. George didn't think I had a legitimate excuse, and I guess he was right. We never got along after that. Some article, some press release, was always coming between us. And I got off to a horrible start. I let the uncertainty get to me, which I shouldn't have. George's doubts about me were now confirmed, he thought, by the stats."

Jackson finished the season hitting only .237 with 15 homers in 94 games, a sorry show for a man who has 425 career homers. Steinbrenner seemed to lose interest in him, particularly because Steinbrenner had committed himself to remodeling the Yankees with an emphasis on speed, not power. Jackson started shopping around. He spoke to Atlanta's Ted Turner, who offered intriguing television possibilities. And he called on Edward Bennett Williams of Baltimore. "Talking to that man is like talking to Winston Churchill," says Reggie. "To tell the truth, if Baltimore had been closer to my home in Oakland, I'd be an Oriole today. But my primary consideration was being close to home." That and the fact that the Angels reportedly doubled their original offer.

Mr. Autry, as Jackson calls the septuagenarian former singing cowboy, was no minor factor either. Jackson says he was so impressed after his first meeting with the courtly Autry that he felt impelled to rush right out on the field and win a pennant for him. Reggie's business agent, Gary Walker, was reminded by Autry of one of the most sympathetic characters in literature. "You've read Dostoevsky's book *The Idiot*, of course?" Of course. "Well, Mr. Autry seems to me to be like Prince Myshkin—often underestimated and misunderstood."

And so, like a Russian novel, its pages aswarm with leading characters, the Angels' season begins. "Reggie's Mr. October," Baylor says. "Now all we have to do is get him that far."



Solution To A Thorny Problem

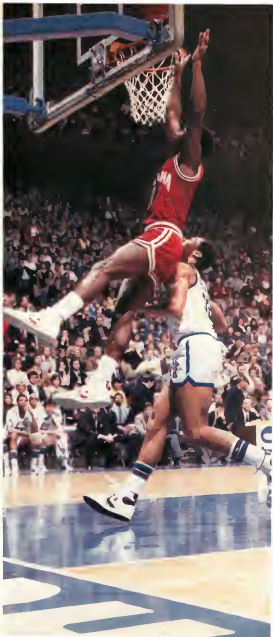
Alabama came out of Kentucky's "brier-patch" with the SEC crown

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

All right. All right. So the LSU coach said the site was a "disgrace to integrity" and insisted a more neutral court would be "Leningrad Stadium." So the Mississippi coach cried about the officiating, not complained, mind you, but cried—broke down and wept. So Rupp Arena in Lexington, Ky. isn't the fairest place on earth to play basketball if you don't have KENTUCKY emblazoned across your uniform. Picky, picky. If you were running that venerable football wonderland known as the SEC and you wanted to showcase your burgeoning, now-20th-century basketball programs, where would you locate a 10-team, four-day spectacular of a postseason conference tournament? On Golden Pond? At Auburn?

Besides, no one could maintain that the outsiders in the SEC got themselves totally whupped in Rupp after Alabama stunned the host Wildcats 48-46 in the tournament finale last Saturday night. Not only did the Crimson Tide fight the hardest, dig the deepest and play the best in winning the title and, with it, an automatic bid to the NCAA playoffs, but 'Bama also showed everyone exactly how to sneak into a 'Cat's lair and overcome a 30-game home win-

Whatley's shooting and passing accounted for 27 of 48 points in the Tide's title win.



ring streak. Rollin', Tide? No. Ebb, Tide.

Specifically, what quick, resourceful, vocacious-rebounding Alabama did was to slow (its 78-points-per-game attack to eliminate the crowd from the fray; horse the backboards in horse country, gobbling up everything it didn't outright reject (the Tide had a 26-18 rebound margin and five blocked shots); and ultimately give the ball to a wonderfully creative freshman guard named Ennis Whatley, so he could account for 27 points and take charge in the final seconds.

A week earlier 'Bama had pitifully rolled over in a season-ending 80-63 loss to lowly Vanderbilt and thus denied itself a share of the SEC regular-season championship with Kentucky and Tennessee. But in the tournament the Tide regained momentum with an impressive 85-74 romp over Georgia and then outstepped the normally mistake-free Tennessee machine 56-50. After the Wildcats escaped the overexuberant clutches of Ole Miss 62-58—ole in this case referring to the olfactory through which the Rebels, having been whistled for 38 fouls, smelled a home-cooked rat—here came Alabama face-to-face with the veteran Kentucky team that had already beaten the Tide twice by a combined 27 points and were at home in Lexington. At Rupp. With those KENTUCKY WILDCATS block letters shining from the Kentucky floor and 21,981 Kentuckians (mostly) baying at the Kentucky moon. It's just like Brer Rabbit said, "I don't keer what you do wid me, Brer Fox ... but don't fling me in dat briar-patch."

On Saturday the part of the briars was played by Kentucky's man-to-man defense, which Whatley destroyed at the beginning of the second half when he bobbed and weaved for seven straight points off the 'Cats' Dirk Minnifield. With Alabama in front 34-27, Kentucky reverted to a zone trap that kept Whatley from penetrating and denied the ball to the Tide's meaty inside pair of Bobby Lee Hurt and Eddie Phillips (who can also hurt).

After Kentucky battled back to lead 40-38 with 11:52 to play, the teams settled into a deliberate style. The championship game's 10th and 11th ties were forged when the Wildcats' hulking cen-

ter, Mel Turpin, got two dunks off a rebound and a lob pass. The second of Turpin's baskets tied matters at 46-46 with 4:36 left. It was the last time Kentucky would get the ball down low.

Derrick Hord then became Alabama's prime victim. Hord, who had had a miserable time shooting—13 of 36 for the tournament—suddenly had a worse time holding on to the ball. At 3:30 Whatley stripped him. Then, after Hurt made a

Coach Wimp (yes, Wimp) Sanderson had drawled in the time-out huddle after Hord's travel, knowing that Kentucky, which had fouls to give, would attempt to nail Whatley before the shot. But Whatley, who already had 11 points and eight assists, buzzed around the 'Cat defenders so fast they never laid a glove on him.

Whatley's 12-foot binned jumper was released with seven seconds left but the



Bowing to 'Bama desolated the Wildcats, who previously had beaten the Tide twice.

turnover and Kentucky got the ball back, Hord was tied up by the Tide's defensive bastion, Mike Davis, at 3:3. Under the alternate possession rule Kentucky still controlled, but nine seconds later Davis and Whatley both swarmed Hord, pressuring him into a traveling violation.

Now Alabama had the basketball and the tournament right where it wanted both all along: in the hands of Whatley, one-on-one, foul line extended. "Git the damn thang airborne quick," Tide

ball glanced off the front rim and bounded up for grabs. Quick as you can say Ennis—a diminutive of Ennis, not Meeny-Miney-Mo's partner—Whatley was in the lane to catch the rebound and fire again. Was this attempt really that short, really an air ball? Uh-huh. But it was also a Phillips ball: Phillips, the 6'7" senior forward who had christened Whatley a "franchise" when Whatley was in grade school back in Birmingham and had waited for him in Tuscaloosa; Phillips,

continued

who had pounded the boards so viciously he injured his hand slapping the glass; Phillips, who so far had 14 baskets and 23 rebounds in the tournament. Now Phillips almost nonchalantly added one more of each as he skied, caught Whitley's shot in midair, came back down and flipped the ball into the hole.

It was an excruciating way for Kentucky to lose a championship, but by nature postseason conference tournaments are like that—harsh worlds unto them-

selves, noisy islands in the NCAA stream of unconsciousness. Floating out there in limbo between the end of the regular schedule and the beginning of the real tournament, they can define a team's season and crush its soul at the same time. But it's a green limbo. The ACC started this excitement/mess, and now so much money is to be pocketed from these meaningless exhibitions that all but five major conferences have copied the gimmick in one form or another.

Having moved to the round-ball-crazed bluegrass after three years of disappointing crowds in Birmingham, last week's SEC bash drew some 90,000 people to five sessions and poured approximately \$1 million into league coffers. Yet even Coach Joe Hall of Kentucky, a major beneficiary of this switching-for-sawbucks, was ambivalent. "The economic results will be good," said Hall, "but on the court this tournament is dangerous, a no-win situation. If you come out on top, you expend all your emotions and you're drained for the NCAA. If you lose, the confidence is gone and it's a long wait for the next game. Then there are injuries...."

Three years ago Kentucky's Dwight (the Blur) Anderson broke his wrist in the SEC tournament, but last week all the 'Cats came through unscratched save for the forlorn figure of Sam Bowie. Though draped over a chair in street clothes down at the end of the Wildcat bench, he still somehow hovered over the proceedings like a friendly shroud.

SEC people wax lyrical about how balanced and competitive their league has become. However, this year's mass parity was dictated by Bowie and his mystery injury, a stress fracture of the left tibia. With Bowie healthy, Kentucky probably would have walked away with the league title. Without him, chaos. There was no known cause or time of the injury, but as the season wore

on Bowie's rehabilitation proved fruitless. It became clear that the man who led Kentucky to a 51-12 record in his two seasons wouldn't play in his third—and the SEC grew thoroughly goofy.

There was Al Alabama, coached by the marvelously quotable Sanderson, who kept saying things like "Mama was still under a sedative when she named me (Winfrey), but I didn't just ride into town on no turnip truck." The Tide trucked into the conference season with nine straight victories before being beaten by B) Tennesseer, whose sleek forward, Dale Ellis, soon turned into the most feared player in the conference as he shot the Vols to a 9-0 SEC record before they were beaten by, yes, Alabama. After the Tide rose to No. 9 in the SI poll, it lost three games in a row, one to C) LSU, which parlayed a rare combination of sorry shooting and sorrier rebounding into a tie for first place before having its spirits shattered when the malfunction of the scorer's clock cost a victory in Baton Rouge. Got that? If it was human—some said inhumane—error that caused the Tigers' downfall, it was canine distress that plummeted D) Georgia to the depths of a five-game SEC losing streak before the 'Dogs rallied on the flying shoulders of the irrepressible dunking monster, Dominique Wilkins. Georgia's cross to bear was that its free-lance Sky Dawgs were equipped with air heads.

In the midst of all this activity, a Bowie-less Kentucky struggled, losing to both E) Mississippi and F) Mississippi State for the first time since before what... Reconstruction? In addition, those two schools—previously wed solely to autumn-god football—symbolized the league's new commitment to the hardwood. Four years ago Ole Miss hired Bob Weltlich, a Bobby Knight protégé, and last March the Rebs won the tournament. This season State brought in John Wooden's old punching bag at USC, Bob Boyd. Mississippi, 11-7 in SEC play, lost only three non-conference games—to Fresno State, Memphis State and the University of Alabama-Birmingham, all champions in their own leagues—while Mississippi State, 4-14 in the SEC, actually defeated three conference winners, Memphis State, Tennessee-Chattanooga and Kentucky.

The Wildcats were also dumped by

Clark led a semifinal comeback that came up short.





Turpin's 24 points paced Kentucky in the semi.

Auburn (another clock malfunction) and humiliated by LSU—33 turnovers, behind by 35 points before losing 94-78—on the final day of the season. Naturally Tennessee, with a chance to win the title outright, lost. And Alabama, with a chance to tie, also lost. "I ain't gonna lie," Sanderson says. "I ain't gonna tell you we didn't choke our little heinies off."

The saving grace of the tournament's opening night, in which two interminable games were both tied 36-36 at the end of regulation—can't anybody here kick a simple extra point?—was Auburn's 6' 6", 260-pound freshman cen-

ter, Charles Barkley, who appeared to have wandered in from a record-breaking tour of the local fast-food franchises. For obvious reasons Barkley wears the tail of his uniform top out, but this touch hardly conceals his considerable stern, which, coupled with his cherubic countenance, makes him a dead ringer for *The Love Boat* itself. Alas, Barkley, a starch gourmet and the league's leading rebounder, is already known by the more mundane Leaning Tower of Pizza.

When he debuted in Rupp Arena in January and fans chanted "fat boy, fat boy," Barkley merely blew kisses and wagged a little finger at them and stacked 25 points and 17 rebounds upon Turpin's bewildered head. Last week the 6' 11", 240-pound Turpin was forewarned; he held the pudgy prodigy to two baskets as Kentucky raced to a 20-point half-time lead on the way to defeating Auburn 89-66.

Barkley's reception in Lexington was a valentine compared to that accorded LSU Coach Dale Brown. Brown not only beats the Wildcats a whole lot, but he also rubs it in their faces. In Mississippi's 59-52 victory over LSU, therefore, Brown's every gesture was hocked while the Rebels—especially 6' 4" Carlos Clark, the best NCAA player nobody has ever heard of—were cheered.

Afterward Brown lashed out at the league for its choice of a tournament site.

"A tremendous injustice.... We were sold down the river.... We want neutrality and money," the coach said. "Take the tournament to Leningrad Stadium. It seats 102,000. In Lexington some of the people don't come to enjoy the games. They come to be —."

This characteristic performance appeared to have clinched another of basketball's MORRY trophies (most

outrageous rant-rave of the year) for Brown until Mississippi's Weltlich miraculously topped it.

What looked like another Kentucky rout in the semifinals—Turpin scoring 18 points, the 'Cats leading by 18 (44-26) with 12:22 left—resulted in a dramatic game when Ole Miss outscored Kentucky 23-7 over the next nine minutes to twice come within two points. The renowned Kentucky poise was lying in a pool of Rebel sweat as the Ole Miss fullcourt press repeatedly prevented the hosts from reaching midcourt. But Mississippi was piling up fouls. Three, four, five Rebs would foul out. Kentucky would shoot 42 free throws—and miss 18, six of them one-and-ones. When Clark was called for a charge on his last jump shot at 1:04, with Kentucky leading 56-52, Carlos was adios and so were the Rebels.

"It's a damn shame at this level we can't have better officials," Weltlich began, calmly. He spoke louder. "Absolutely unbelievable... the defending tournament champions and we never got a chance to win." And with more emotion: "Our kids are crying their eyes out." His voice rose and cracked. "It's a damn tragedy." Weltlich's shoulders heaved and he departed the three-minute press conference, weeping. "Jesus Christ," he wailed to his stunned audience, "what do you have to do?"

Well, as Alabama proved the next night, it is helpful not to get far behind. As Whitley proved, it is necessary to control the ball in order to control your destiny. And as Phillips proved, it is vital to be in the right place at the right time. "This crowd, the 20,000 in the place or whatever, they can mess with you," Phillips said. "But, you know, uh... the crowd don't ever get to play." **END.**

Weltlich felt that the officiating was a crying shame.





For Allen, This Is Alien Territory

The debt-ridden Montreal Alouettes have lured George Allen up north to do a job foreign to his free-spending nature **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

In French," George Allen says. "I want to say that in French." He's staring at a blackboard on which is written the entire roster of the Canadian Football League's Montreal Alouettes. The names appear in three different colors of chalk: orange for the American veterans, blue for the Canadian vets, white for the rookies. It's the most striking thing in a small and rather Spartan-looking office in Montreal's Olympic Stadium complex, an office befitting a man who has been brought in

to mop up the sea of red ink that has engulfed the Alouettes.

At the lower right corner of the board Allen has written, "Meet and Cultivate French." On the left side is: "Discipline. Conditioning. Personnel. Coach." And in the lower left-hand corner is a motto—with Allen there's always a motto. This one reads, "To win without peril is

to triumph without glory," and it's what he'd like to see in French.

"Can you translate that for me?" Allen asks a secretary, Diane LaRocque.

"Pour gagner sans péril," she says, "est triomphé sans gloire."

"Beautiful, just beautiful," Allen says. "Much better than in English. God, I love that."



Allen knows the easiest way to fill seats is to bring the Grey Cup back to Montreal.

Nelson Skalbania, into the biggest one-season money losers in the history of the CFL.

Will he coach? Well, maybe, but that decision is down the road. "Right now the chances are 60-40 against my coaching this season," Allen says. There's bigger game afoot, money to be made. For his efforts this year Allen will draw expenses, plus a modest salary. "Very minimal, I assure you," says his 25-year-old son, Bruce, a former head football coach at Occidental College whom George has hired as vice president of operations. Twenty percent of the ownership of the club is in escrow, waiting to become Allen's if he, Southern California real estate man Bill Harris and Chicago financier Tom King, with King and Harris putting up the bulk of the cash, pick up an option to buy another 31% by Dec. 31, 1982. That would give them a controlling interest. They would then have an option to buy the remaining 49% by Dec. 31, 1983. If they do, Allen will be the major stockholder.

"We'll simply have to decide whether this thing is salvageable," Allen says. "If I like what I see, I'll exercise my option; it's that simple. But right now you're going to learn just how frugal George Allen can be." The irony is that it was Allen's reputation as a free-spender that turned Redskin President Edward Bennett Williams against him during Allen's stay in Washington, and that helped scare away prospective NFL employers in recent years. But it's a different ball game now. This time Allen is playing with his own money, or what could be his own money.

So on this March afternoon, Allen addresses himself to the subject of challenge. "Absolutely the biggest challenge I've ever faced," he says. "Never seen anything close to it." He'll be 60 next month, and there's a little gray in his hair and his face is perhaps a bit more deeply lined, but he still gives off that tightly wired intensity. He looks fit.

"I've coached; I don't need to prove I can coach," he says. "But this is exciting, a chance to really do something I want to do—and in my own way. I've done it

twice before. When I became the Rams' coach the first time, in 1966, they'd been averaging something like 40,000 a game. When I left in 1970 they were up to almost 72,000. What did [the late] Dan Reeves get the club for in 1962, \$7 million? He was offered \$20 million while I was there and he turned it down. Now it's worth more than \$40 million. So are the Redskins. Seven years of sellouts in the seven years I was there and 10,000 on the waiting list, and that's with the highest priced seats in the league.

"O.K., this Montreal franchise is at rock bottom now. For a Canadian team to have a 3-13 record as the Alouettes did and lost as much money as they did [estimates run from \$2.5 million to Skalbania's figure of \$4.5 million] is unheard of. Well, I built up two franchises before and I can do it again. The NFL has gotten out of the ticket-selling business. The clubs have grown fat on TV money, but selling season tickets will be one of my jobs here. Six thousand season tickets weren't renewed after last season. O.K., I'm going to sit down and personally sign a letter to each of those people, and we'll send 'em one of these little key chains with the Alouettes' logo on it. I've never signed 6,000 pieces of paper before, but I'm going to do it now."

Fred Roberts, the Montreal P.R. director and a veteran of 30 years of CFL football, shakes his head. "He really means it," he says. "I told him, 'Look, George, figure you can do five a minute. That's 300 in an hour. You've got 20 hours of signing letters ahead of you.' He said, 'I don't care. I'll come in evenings and do it.'"

After one week in his new office Allen is still feeling his way around. Olympic Stadium, with its maze of corridors, is still a mystery. A secretary has to lead him to the elevator that will take him down to the locker room, where he will put on a brown jogging suit in preparation for his four circuits of the half-mile enclosed passageway around the stadium's fifth-floor level.

He pauses at the weight room. A young man is doing bench presses.

"Are you a member of the Alouettes?"

Allen asks him.

"Yeah, I am."

"And what position do you play?"

continued

It's early March. Olympic Stadium lies under two feet of snow. In the streets beyond the stadium, a wicked wind whips the drifts, kicking up little blizzards, blurring and dimming the quaint, old-world cityscape of single-story brick houses and small shops. It's a throwback, a child's glass ball—shake it and watch the snowflakes whirl—and it is into this improbable setting that Allen has come to make his last stand. Exiled from his own country, written off by the NFL as a man too high-powered to handle, despite his record of 12 winning seasons in 12 years as a head coach, Allen is in Montreal to bring credibility to the Alouettes and to clean up the financial mess that last year turned the team and its owner,

"I'm Greg Batty, Mr. Allen. I'm your assistant equipment man."

"Oh." Pause. "And what does that door over there lead to?"

"The coaches' office, Mr. Allen."

"So new, so different, everything's so different here," Allen says later. "You call the Alouettes' office and they answer in French. And this city... so clean, so beautiful. My wife, Etty, is going to love it. She's French-Tunisian. Speaks five languages. If I can just get this thing turned around."

Right now the thing that's bugging him most is the team's debt. "It has to be paid; that's the first thing," Allen says. "If not, then we'll always be running short of cash."

Last week Bruce Allen went over the figures with an accountant from Price Waterhouse, and the results left him stunned. "All told we're about \$5 million in the hole," he says. "It's



Allen's son, Bruce, will be his left-hand man as George tries to rid Skaltania (center) of red ink. One move will be to send Ferragamo (bottom with wife) back to the Rams.



may be on the way out. Quarterback Vince Ferragamo, whose \$450,000 salary—\$350,000 of it on a personal service arrangement with Skaltania—broke the bank, is going. The Alouettes have written to the Rams, giving them the right to negotiate with Ferragamo, L.A.'s Super Bowl quarterback of '79 but a bust in Montreal last year, who finished the season on the inactive roster. The matter will come down to how much of Ferragamo's salary the Rams will pick up, and how much the Alouettes will have to eat. As for the other two Americans, Running Back David Overstreet and Defensive End Keith Gary, first draft choices last year of the Dolphins and Steelers, respectively, Allen would like to keep them both, assuming that the rape charge brought against Overstreet on March 2 is cleared up. It has gotten the club a lot of bad ink.

Allen knows that the high-priced American formula seldom works in Canadian football. "The 19 Canadians on your roster determine how good your team will be, not the 15 Americans," he says. "You can always pick up enough Americans from the free-agent lists." And the trader in him warns to the idea that, under a new CFL rule, Canadian veterans can now become free agents after four years. "For the price of one Ferragamo," Allen says, "you can pick up a whole bunch of those guys."

The finances of Canadian football are surprisingly small potatoes for anyone accustomed to NFL numbers. Skaltania bought the Alouettes for \$3.1 million, and there are franchises worth only half

not really an actual debt. It's more of, well, there's going to have to be an income to cover it. There was no budget last year. Any time someone wanted to draw money or write a check, he just wrote it. If a player was unhappy, they said, 'O.K., here's 10 grand.' Bonuses of \$25,000 were tossed around for no reason. There were those incredibly high salaries, but that was only part of it. The fat is everywhere—entertainment, game promotions. Two former employees ran up a combined expense account of \$90,000. There was no supervision here

at all. My little sister would have known better."

So far \$300,000 has been trimmed in front-office salaries. Bruce figures that by the time his father is through with the player roster another \$1.3 million will be chopped. Of Skaltania's half dozen high-priced American imports, two are already gone—Linebacker Tom Cousineau, whose contract ran out, and Wide Receiver James Scott, who was waived. Together, they represented more than \$500,000. Box Office Billy Johnson, the other wide receiver, and his \$185,000 tab

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that—and that's in Canadian dollars, worth 20% less than U.S. greenbacks. TV rights, from Canadian television and ESPN, amount to \$644,444 per team per season. Radio rights range from \$10,000 (Montreal) to \$100,000 (Edmonton). A CFL Players Association poll indicates that the league's average salary is \$35,000 to \$40,000, but 10% of the players—the higher-priced ones, naturally—didn't take part. Six of the stadiums hold fewer than 36,000. The biggest park in the league, Edmonton's, will seat 59,980 this coming season. Montreal, which drew 29,257 per game last year, is second at 58,367.

For Skalbanius, whose reputation as a wheeler-dealer with the golden touch has been severely tarnished, to lose \$4.5 million—or 50% more than the value of the franchise—in a single year would be comparable to an NFL team dropping \$60 million. "My money was incompetently spent," Skalbanius said last weekend. "I didn't know how bad it was until 10 days ago when my books were audited. I couldn't print the money fast enough the way it was shoveled out the door. I've been asked why I wasn't around to watch over things. I was back home in Vancouver doing what I know best—trying to make money faster than they were spending it. O.K., now George is here and I'm hoping things will change. They've got to. I've already been through that mad spending business and it made me sick."

But Bill Putnam, the Alouettes' executive vice president last season, demurs. "No money was spent last year without Skalbanius's or his attorney's knowledge," he says.

It's 10 p.m. and Allen is enjoying a late dinner at the hotel where he has been staying, The Ritz-Carlton, an old and majestic establishment, "not like all those places in the States," he says, "that all look alike."

The waiter has served the wine—yes, Allen is a lover of fine wines—a 1970 Château Bouscaut, a Bordeaux. "Hm, 1970," says Allen, "we [the Rams] were 9-4-1 that year. Beat the Giants 31-3 in the last game and knocked them out of the playoffs."

Allen continues to reminisce. The last four years, since the Rams' late owner, Carroll Rosenbloom, hired him away from the Redskins in '78 and then fired him after two exhibition games, haven't

been happy ones. "My problem is figuring out each morning how to pass the day," Allen said soon after he was let go. "How many miles can a guy run? How long can he sit reading a book?"

Rosenbloom said he'd made a "serious error" in hiring Allen. There was grumbling about the trades Allen pushed on the Rams' management—especially one in which L.A. gave up two players and three good draft choices to get Redskins Defensive Back and Kick Returner Eddie Brown. There was a prospective deal involving a first-round pick for 39-year-old Billy Kilmer, Allen's quarterback in Washington. Then four veterans walked out of camp after they got a taste of his three-hour practices.

"When Carroll hired me, he told me, 'I want someone who knows how to beat Dallas,'" Allen says. "Then a week into training camp he said I was working the players too hard. I told him, 'I thought you wanted to beat Dallas.' Players were telling me to relax, we'd win the division. I said, 'What's so special about that? I could win this division with the Redskins' second unit.' They should've been thinking Super Bowl instead of division."

Allen's winning ways in both L.A. and D.C. got him hurrahs from players, not owners.

In his first stretch with the Rams, 1966-70, Allen was fired twice by Reeves, the first time in '68 (he was reinstated after a player rebellion), the second time in '70. In Washington, his and Williams' relationship rapidly went to the dogs. During Allen's four years on the bench he has been regarded as anathema by NFL owners—a coach who never put a losing team on the field but a guy who'd take the joy out of it for you.

"I've been accused of ruining the Redskins' franchise by trading away draft choices," Allen says. "All I did was give them the seven best years they ever had, seven years of standing ovations, plus I doubled the worth of the franchise. Ed had a purpose in what he did. He always said we had the biggest payroll in the league. When I got to the Rams, I found out the Redskins were fifth. He was very clever in what he did, though. That was the lawyer in him. Every time he raised ticket prices, and he raised them all the time, he said, 'Well, George is spending



too much money.' I served a purpose for him."

"You know, you lay your guts out on the table. You sacrifice your family and health. You couldn't give any more of yourself if you owned the whole damn ball club. And all you get is criticism from someone trying to justify keeping his job."


Well, George Allen is back now, sort of. There's money to be made, a franchise to be turned around. And who knows? Someone back in the NFL might be watching. **END**

TARGET GOLF IS THE AIM

Woe to pros who don't hit the 'spot' at the Tournament Players Club, where Pete Dye has created a course that's sure to be a crowd pleaser



The grass bunkers at the par-4 18th mean deep trouble for mowers as well as for players.



Pete Dye is hooked on the notion that he can take a piece of nature's leftovers—a swamp or a desert—and transform it into a beautiful and challenging golf course. A lot of people in the game call him an artist and a genius. Others think he's out of his mind.

Over the past two decades, Dye has hacked masterpieces out of some mighty unpromising land. At Casa de Campo in the Dominican Republic, he carved a seaside course from coral and wound up with one of the most picturesque layouts in the world; at Crooked Stick outside Indianapolis, a dull cornfield he redid evokes a Scottish coun-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

Continued

tryside. And at the Tournament Players Club at Sawgrass in Ponte Vedra, Fla., near Jacksonville, he transformed 415 acres of swamp land into the radically innovative course that will be the site of the Tournament Players Championship next week.

It took a while to run off the snakes and alligators and drain the place, which is only a few feet above sea level, but now the Dye touch is unmistakable. Only 40 acres is set aside for tees, fairways and greens. The rest of it—black lagoons, creeks, huge sandy waste areas and clumps of thick subtropical vegetation—looks like no golf course you've ever seen. Dye and his collaborator, Deane Beman, the TPA Tour commissioner and the man who conceived the Players Club, have truly stuck out their necks. "This isn't just a place to play golf," says Beman. "The public wants to see a player fight through adversity."

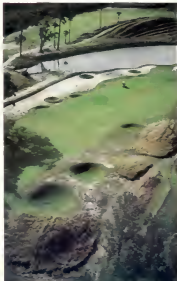
Dye's courses require what Dye calls "target golf." It's like hopscotch for grown-ups, with the players moving the ball from one safe place to another. The Players Club is so replete with potential disaster that it has been suggested the moat dug around its perimeter is not so much for security as for making certain the inmates can't escape. There's water on every hole. The greens are small with roller-coaster contours. "It's Snar Wars golf," said Ben Crenshaw when he first saw it. "The place was designed by Darth Vader."

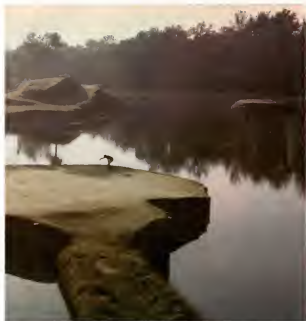
With his string of past successes, the 56-year-old Dye is secure enough to shrug off such gibes. "Somebody's going to shoot 64 out there," he says. "But somebody's also going to shoot 104, quit and go home. That's O.K. Golf wasn't meant to be a fair game."

Spectators at next week's tournament, on the other hand, will get an extraordinarily fair break because of the provisions in Dye's design for what Beman calls stadium golf. At strategic places around



As yet untested in top-level competition, the dewy 132-yard par-3 17th is already being touted as one of golf's notable holes, although Dye says it looks more difficult than it is. The landing area for drives on





the par-4 12th (lower left) is constructed and made hazardous by a Dye favorite, pot bunkers, while the green at par-5 16 is extenuated by a mound for spectators and guarded by coarse undulations



the course, there are huge earthen mounds and smaller hammocks, allowing spectators a good look at what's happening. Beman estimates that as many as 40,000 people will be able to see every shot on the 18th hole.

The layout stretches over 6,857 yards, par is 36-36-72, and the course "balances out"—for every hole in one direction, there's another in the opposite direction. The Players Club's shortcoming could be weather, specifically the fierce wind that made Sawgrass, just across the road, infamous in the years it hosted the TPC.

As Dye sees it, the wind nightmare could go like this: The gusts will be blowing out of the north. He will be back at the clubhouse, looking down at the 18th hole, savoring its amphitheater effect and waiting for the first players to bring in their opening-round verdicts on his work. But back on the 17th, a 132-yard par-3 in which the green is on a tiny island, Dye imagines a long line of players: Nicklaus, Watson, Miller, Kate. One of them steps up and hits his tee shot into the teeth of the gale. Plop! The ball falls in the water. Player after player hits, plops and goes back to the end of the line. No one can get past the 17th hole!

Dye believes that from 132 yards, the world's best pros ought to be able to hit the green no matter what the wind. The 17th, he says, isn't nearly as difficult as the renowned 12th at Augusta, which requires a longer shot over water to a smaller green. The 17th at the Players Club, which is destined to become one of golf's famous holes, too, simply looks more difficult than it is, Dye claims.

A Pete Dye course is readily identifiable by its Old World touches, such as pot bunkers and waste areas, borrowed from finny Scotsmen, and its use of hybrid grasses to delineate various sections of the course. He also specializes in cleverly shaped greens and strategically placed bunkers.

continued

But Dye's true hallmark is the use of railroad ties, telephone poles or plinking to shore up greens, sand traps and the banks of water hazards. He uses so much wood that one of his courses may be the first ever to burn down.

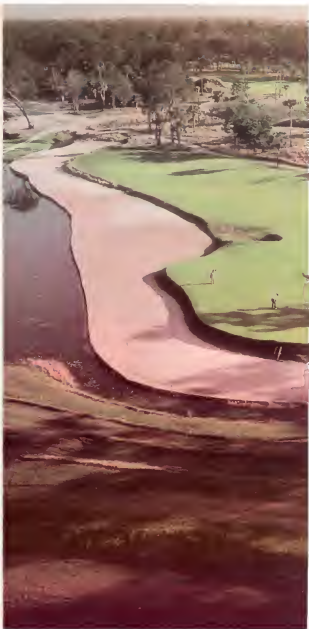
Some golfers reckon that Dye's insistence that the game revert to its early character, which valued accuracy over brawn, will be a lifesaver for the game. In the '60s golf became obsessed with big-ness. The long drive was king. Courses were constructed at 7,000 yards or more, and they had short rough and few hazards; Arnold Palmer could have landed his jet on most fairways. Dye's tidy, revolutionary creations will pay off on reduced maintenance costs alone.

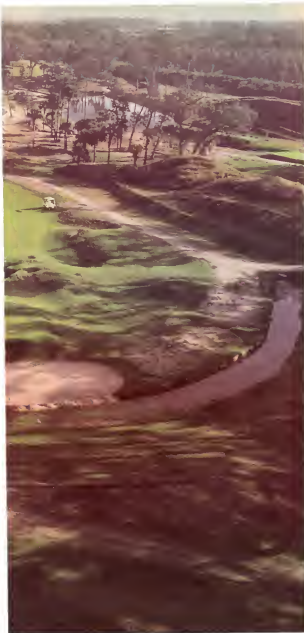
That Dye should be considered a rebel is surprising, because he calls himself "a dyed-in-the-wool conservative." He grew up in Urbana, Ohio, the son of a golf nut who constructed his own nine-hole course on his wife's farm outside of town.

Dye attended Rollins College, where he captained the golf team and met his future wife, Alice, who was also a fine golfer. The two settled in Indianapolis. Like many college golfers not skilled enough for the pro circuit, Dye turned to selling life insurance. He played with a lot of doctors in Indianapolis, and by the time he was 34, he was moving a million dollars' worth of insurance a year.

As a member of the Country Club of Indianapolis, Dye could be found at 6:30 most mornings waiting for the greens superintendent. He was the head of the greens committee, responsible for the club's crop of grass. One year one of Dye's experiments with the grass failed, reducing the fairways to something that looked and played about like dirt.

The approach area and green of the par-5 11th are shored up by wood and protected by a waste bunker and sand pot bunkers.





Toward the end of the '50s, the Dyes decided to go into golf course design and construction. They had been dabbling with small projects around the city—Pete coming up with the sketches and Alice growing a grass nursery in their front yard. Pete took some money Alice had earmarked for a mink coat and bought a bulldozer with it. His boss at the insurance company sent him a note suggesting he see a psychiatrist.

Given a firm sense of direction by a trip to Scottish and English courses soon after getting into the design business, Dye has since built some classics: Harbour Town on Hilton Head, S.C.; The Golf Club outside Columbus, Ohio; Oak Tree in Edmond, Okla.; La Quinta near Palm Springs, Calif. There's a bit of a formula to it. The par-3s are relatively short, the par-5s often can be reached in two, and the par-4s don't normally require fairway woods for second shots. "The ultimate design triumph would be to build a hole that players approached differently on each of the four days of a tournament," says Dye. "What you want to do is get 'em on the tee thinking 'I don't know what I'm going to do.' " Dye demands autonomy when he is designing a course. He never submits a plan, keeping things in his head or jotted down on often misplaced scraps of paper. Part of his standard deal is that he refuses to consult with country club committees, having learned back in Indianapolis that's a sure way to wind up with dirt fairways. And if a developer is worried about cost, Dye's meticulous and often expensive attention to detail will drive the developer crazy.

Dye's personal style runs toward the haphazard. In building a vacation house for himself and Alice in the Dominican Republic, his insistence on using native materials resulted in a thatched-roof home that looks, as his rich neighbors have complained, "like six or
continued

ange juice stands." Dye has no secretary, and he doesn't own a car because he travels so much that an auto simply would sit unused at the Dyes' main residence in Gulf Stream, Fla. Flitting from project to project, clutching his battered suitcase, Dye often has the shuffles, the result of living with one foot in a plane's pressurized cabin and the other in a swamp. He designs the courses and then he builds them, often getting out there with the workers and using his own bare hands; he's happiest with dirt underneath his fingernails.

In 1979, during the building of the Players Club, the crews ran into heavy rains that eventually pushed back the course's opening a year. After the downpours, the workers would have to patch 60 or 70 washouts. For months it was a 24-hour-a-day job. Often Dye was right alongside the laborers, shirtless, running a bulldozer, clearing brush, finishing off a green with a rake.

"Maybe I'm crazy but it's the only way I know how to do it," says Dye, in the living room of his Gulf Stream house. "No one else does it this way."

From the kitchen, Alice calls, "They'd be crazy if they did." She's a two-time U.S. Senior Women's Amateur champion, but her real calling is making sure her husband's head continues to fit his hats.

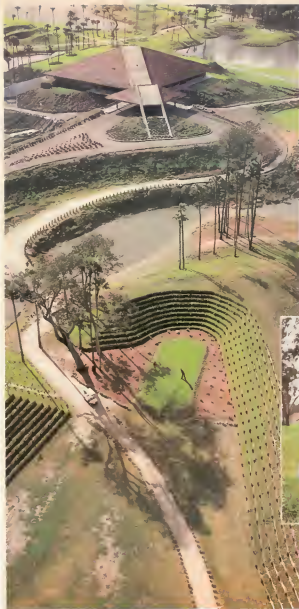
He makes a face. "I just like doing" it this way, Alice," he says. The phone keeps ringing with calls from golf course superintendents. Dye's creations come with a warranty. He spends as much time fiddling with the old courses as he does building new ones. Last year, for instance, on the Friday of the Sea Pines Heritage Classic at Harbour Town, Dye was up most of the night patching a bunker on the 18th hole.

"You make a living," he says, referring to his relentless schedule. "I'd rather be on a golf course than eat. If I couldn't go and dig



At the 14th hole, as at all the others, there are four tees—championship in back, women's in front and, in between, two for ones. To reach 14's tees, one must pass through a tunnel.





some dirt, you might as well put me in a box."

One recent afternoon Dye was sitting in a golf cart in the middle of the 18th fairway at the Players Club. In front of him was Pete Davison, the club's head professional and a fine player, facing a long second shot of about 215 yards. Dye relished the thought of the TPC tournament leader coming to the 18th on Sunday and being confronted with an identical shot. Davison selected a wood from his bag, well aware of whose eyes were on him. He swung and the ball took off low, burrowing into the wind.

To a bystander, it seemed a perfect shot. But Dye and Davison instantly knew otherwise. Davison had hit the ball low on his club face, which gave it a skimming trajectory. What happened next was exactly the sort of thing Dye dreams of. The ball landed on the green, took a couple of hops and settled into a rear bunker.

"Ha," crowed Dye, "got you again."

—BARRY McDERMOTT



Dye and the start of his course—the first tee and the asphalt that overlooks it



Draining and channelization of the Kissimmee basin is drying up Lake Okechobee and Florida's southern wetlands (in other), destroying the trigger for the "rain machine."

Anatomy Of A Man-made Drought

Somebody did something about the weather in Florida; now a looming disaster demands that it be undone


by ROBERT H. BOYLE and
ROSE MARY MECHEM

SPECIAL REPORT

Over the past few weeks, a growing number of Floridians have been joined by a warning from Arthur Marshall, a 63-year-old ecologist who is widely regarded as having the keenest insights into that state's multiple environmental problems. Marshall's dismaying thesis is this: Drought conditions in Kissimmee Valley, which suffered a "once in every 700 years drought" last year, are going to get worse. Marshall asserts that last year was not in fact a meteorological aberration, but a predictable consequence of the land development and the drainage of wetlands in the Everglades and the Kissimmee River basin that have disrupted the normal rain cycle.

The gist of the problem, says Marshall, is this: Before development changed the South Florida landscape on a huge scale, the slowly moving sheet of water that annually flowed from the Kissimmee River basin south into Lake Okechobee and then spilled into the Everglades was the key to the region's abundant rainfall. During the rainy season, which runs from June into September, the summer sun would heat up this shallow sheet water to approximately 14°C above its nighttime temperature, and tremendous amounts of water would ascend into the atmosphere by evaporation and transpiration from the lush plant life growing in the marshy environment. By two in the afternoon, the buildup in the atmosphere was so great that heavy rain would fall. Almost all the water that had risen from the wetlands would come down again, and with it rain from vapor that had moved in over the peninsula from both

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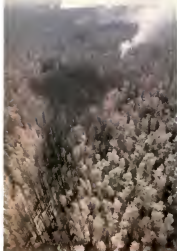


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Well, consider...
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Ground fires, literally burning soil, are now frequent occurrences in former wetlands.

FLORIDA DROUGHT *continued*

the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Now, however, sheet-flow water isn't present in sufficient quantities to initiate the "rain machine" the way it used to. As a consequence of the disruption to the hydrologic cycle, fish and wildlife populations are going to pot; the Everglades National Park is "on the brink of death" (to quote a recent statement by Nathaniel P. Reed, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and National Parks in the Nixon and Ford administrations); the \$1 billion-a-year sugar industry is threatened not only with loss of crops but also loss of farmland by fire and oxidation, and salt water intruding from the Atlantic can foul wells in the Biscayne Aquifer, the only natural source of potable water for more than three million people in Miami and other Gold Coast cities. Recently the South Florida Water Management District, which ordered a 25% cut in water use last year, announced it might have to reduce use this year by 60%. In short, South Florida is in a man-made meteorological, ecological and economic box from which it will be damned difficult to escape.

Marshall's thesis is taken very seriously by scientists who have independently investigated aspects of it in their own research, some of which Marshall has drawn upon to arrive at his overall conclusions. "That's a very true picture," says Gerald G. Parker of Tampa, who explored and named both the Biscayne and Floridan aquifers while he was with the U.S. Geological Survey and who later served as the chief hydrologist with the Southwest Florida Water Management District. "Man-made alterations and drainage on this scale have certainly accomplished these results. The Gulf Coast is affected, too. It is a serious situation." Patrick Gannon, a meteorologist who wrote a doctoral dissertation at the University of Miami entitled "The Influence of Surface Properties and Clouds on the South Florida Sea Breeze," says, "We have introduced significant changes in the daily mesoscale (local weather patterns) in the last century. This entire cycle has been altered, weakened and shifted. It's radically different now than it was in 1900, and it appears from all the research that we're setting up a heat regime rather than a rainy regime in the summer period."

It finally rained heavily in South Florida last week, but the three to four inches that fell in the interior were literally a drop in the bucket in a region where one-sixth of an inch of water evaporates into the air every day. Gannon attributes last week's rain to a cold front coming down from the north, a synoptic (large-scale) disturbance. "The basic problem is in the region's long-term summer rainfall mesoscale process," he says. "South Florida is going to be faced with a long-term drought potential that is only temporarily alleviated by transitory synoptic disturbances, such as deep mid-latitude troughs in the Gulf of Mexico and tropical storms."

Last week, state politicians were paying heed to Marshall's thesis. State Senator John Vogt, chairman of his chamber's Natural Resources Committee, had breakfast one morning in Tallahassee with a party that included Johnny Jones, executive director of the 45,000-member Florida Wildlife Federation and a close associate of Marshall's, who is a director-at-large for the FWF. Jones was in Tallahassee pushing for restoration of the Kissimmee River and its floodplain. Six years ago, he had successfully lobbied through a bill calling for just that. Before

the once-meandering river was turned into an aquatic highway by the state and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in the late 1950s, the Kissimmee played host to one million waterfowl a year. "After channelization, we counted just eight ducks," says Jones. "Eight, is in one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Eight!" Channelization also ruined the superb largemouth bass and bream fishing, and with the wetlands gone, pasturing cattle took to the river to cool off in the summer heat. "A cow doesn't get out of the water to take a crap," Jones says, "and just one of them puts out wastes equal to 18 people."

Although Senator Vogt was aware of the rain-machine thesis, Jones went over it briefly at breakfast and then pointed out to the senator that last year only 71,000 acre-feet of water had passed through the channelized river into Lake Okeechobee, as compared with an average annual inflow of 1.2 million acre-feet from 1935 to 1950. Lake Okeechobee, which encompasses 730 square miles, is the surface storage basin for South Florida's water. It is now three feet lower than it was at this time last year, and last year is acknowledged as the worst in recorded history. Jones also told Vogt that annual rainfall in St. Lucie County in southeast Florida had declined from 68 inches in 1950 to 38 inches following the draining of more than 50,000 acres of wetlands.

Although the 1976 bill authorizing restoration of the Kissimmee River basin had passed, nothing had been done because the Corps was, in Jones's words, "dragging its feet." Jones asked Vogt, "John, if the feds don't get off their butts, will you initiate legislation using state funds from the Conservation and Recreation Lands bill and the Save Our Rivers bill to start filling that ditch?" Vogt said he would. "Florida just can't support unlimited development and drainage of wetlands," the senator said. "What frightens me is that all the great desires of the world lie at this latitude. I just hope Florida won't become a desert." (One development that need not frighten Vogt is the new TPC golf course described on the preceding pages. Marshall, who has visited the course, says the land has been used with the ecological health of the area in mind.)

That afternoon Jones conferred with Governor Bob Graham, briefing him on Marshall's findings. In that meeting Gra-

continued

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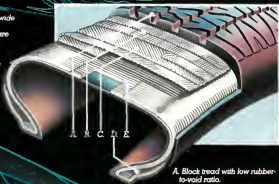
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ham reaffirmed his support for restoration of the Kissimmee. "The old Bob Graham is returning," Jones said afterward. "He was an outstanding conservation senator. When he became governor, he appeared to have lost interest in the environment, but in the last year he has taken the leadership role on issues like the Kissimmee. We appreciate that."

The next day Jones, Marshall and Nat Reed drove to Clewiston on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee to discuss restoration of the Kissimmee with John B. Boy, the president of U.S. Sugar Corp., and Dalton Yancey, general manager of the Florida Sugar Cane League. Environmentalists and sugar growers have often gone head-to-head on issues, but, as Jones put it, they were all in the same boat now because of the drought, and he wanted their support for restoration of the Kissimmee. Last year Florida surpassed Hawaii as the No. 1 state in sugar production, with more than a million tons. Based almost exclusively in southern Florida, the sugar industry farms 349,000 acres of black muck that was formed by 5,000 years of decaying wetlands vegetation. If this muck doesn't get an abundant supply of water it dries out like talcum powder and burns when touched with a match. Last fall drought conditions were so bad, the fearful growers drew on this spring's allotment of water from the South Florida Water Management District in order to be able to plant the current crop. They had to gamble in doing that, because they might have lost not only the crop but also their soil to fire. Now, there is fear of reduced yields this year because the growers will have to depend almost solely on rain, the allotment of water left for them in Lake Okeechobee is not enough to meet the growers' irrigation needs.

After the meeting, Boy and Yancey remained uncommitted to restoration of the Kissimmee, but Jones has hopes that the growers at least won't oppose it. Boy and Yancey were also skeptical about Marshall's rain-machine thesis, but as Marshall said, "If I were the president of U.S. Sugar, I'd sure as hell wonder why none of my scientists had told me about the importance of the Kissimmee River basin to rain in South Florida. The crop depends on rain, whether it falls on the land or comes from Lake Okeechobee as irrigation water."

Marshall's deep involvement with the Florida environment began in 1960

when he became the state administrator for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. He left Fish and Wildlife in 1970 to devote his time to the study of Florida ecosystems. He was a professor at the University of Miami and later at the University of Florida before becoming a private consultant in 1974.

Systems is the key word for Marshall. "If you don't synthesize knowledge, scientific journals become spare-parts catalogues for machines that are never built," he says. "Until isolated and separated pieces of information are assimilated by the human mind, we will continue

water is rainfall, and it only comes in a four- to five-month period. You have to extend the life of that water. That's what the system did originally. It was one of the most efficient systems you could imagine on the face of the earth. Now we have to repair it."

According to Marshall, the upper Kissimmee lakes are in trouble. Lake Tohopekaliga receives 20 million gallons a day of treated sewage effluent, and its sport fishery is headed for collapse. To an extent, this lake has acted as a buffer for the lower lakes, but this cannot continue indefinitely. Already Lake Okeechobee



Marshall (left) and Jones: the discoverer and prime messenger of the devastating news.

to rattle around aimlessly. I am as good a diagnostician of ecosystems as any good medical diagnostician is of human beings, and I'm not on any damn ego trip when I say that. I read medical journals to see how medical diagnosticians work. Sometimes I wish I didn't have the knowledge that I do, because I can get pretty damn glum."

To Marshall, the Kissimmee lakes near Orlando, the lower Kissimmee River, Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades are all a single system. "Not enough people realize it's all of a piece," he says. "I didn't invent the whole system. I was able to observe it long enough to understand its processes and to recognize how they work together, the sheet flow, the muck, wetlands vegetation, recharge of the Biscayne Aquifer and the production of marine fisheries. The only source of

is becoming oxygen deficient. South of the lake, agriculture is in obvious trouble, as is the Biscayne Aquifer. Last year the South Florida Water Management District had to pump 325,000 acre-feet of water from the lake into the coastal canals to fend off saltwater intrusion. A soon-to-be-published paper by Jim Kushlan of the Everglades National Park staff discloses that the population of freshwater wading birds in the park has declined by at least 90% over the past 40 years, with decreased water flow and loss of wetlands playing critical roles. Chief hydrologist Dr. Peter Rosendahl reports that the park will shortly make a request to the South Florida Water Management District and the Corps for an additional 450,000 acre-feet of water, more than double what the park has been getting annually.

continued

Florida Bay and the Ten Thousand Islands area to the northwest are suffering greatly. "Fifty species of marine fish and shellfish utilize the shallow water of the lower Everglades," Marshall says. "The hatching is timed to coincide with the start of the rainy season in June. The snook hatch in the new moon in June, and that's it. The snook is a classic case of dependency on the sheet flow. They spawn in the saltwater passes in the Ten Thousand Islands area. After the eggs hatch, the larvae move up toward fresh water, and they're always in the top half inch of the water column. They go into the shallow sheet-flow water and stay in the Everglades through the winter and feed. There used to be a plentiful food supply delivered to them by the sheet flow. It was such a natural time clock. Then in the spring, when the snook were five or six inches long, they would come back down. But now that's all changed. We have cut the shallow-water acreage in the Everglades in half, and we have

also cut the time in half. Instead of the juvenile snook having nine to 11 months in sheet flow, it is down to four or five months.

"During World War II," Marshall continues, "the state allowed commercial fishermen to use huge seines for snook, and in one set of a net they could get up to 5,000 fish, averaging two pounds apiece. About six weeks ago, I went over to the Department of Natural Resources marine lab in St. Pete to see Dr. Gerard Bruger, who has done six years of tagging studies of snook, and he told me that the total adult population of snook in the Ten Thousand Islands area is only about 30,000. That ain't nothin' Bruger calls the snook an endangered species."

Last December, guides from Islamorada in the Keys and fishermen working with the American League of Anglers, a national organization of sports fishermen, conducted a semiscientific study by fishing Florida Bay intensively. The bay was once one of the most productive bodies of water in the world, but a follow-up report by the A.L.A. stated that the 810-square-mile bay has been hit so hard "that it's a question of whether or not it can ever be restored." There were few redfish, sea trout were even scarcer, and no bonefish at all were caught. The A.L.A. also noted that commercial catches of silver mullet had declined precipitously, dropping from just under 2.5 million pounds in 1975 to less than 188,000 pounds in 1980.

Marshall believes that the fishing can be restored in Florida Bay, but radical change will be required, beginning with restoration of the floodplain of the Kissimmee. Basic to all South Florida, he says, is the reinitiation of the "rain machine." Despite backing from many scientists, Marshall is well aware that his thesis has critics, including Jack Maloy, the executive director of the South Florida Water Management District, and Dr. Patrick McCaffrey, staff director of the Kissimmee Coordinating Council. In fact, Marshall takes heart from the criticism. "I was ridiculed so many times in the past when I turned out to be right, I've gotten to the point where if I don't get ridiculed, I wonder if I'm doing something wrong," he says.

Even though Marshall had put together the South Florida ecosystem in his mind 10 years ago, he didn't realize the full significance of the rain machine until

last year, when he found a copy of an out-of-print report, *Water Resources of Southeastern Florida*, written by Parker and other hydrologists and published in 1955 by the U.S. Geological Survey. Marshall began comparing data from it with other studies, including Gannon's dissertation and a 1972 report by a planning engineer at the South Florida Water Management District, on whose board Marshall served in 1972 and '73. Last Jan. 12 in Palm Beach, Marshall gave a speech on his findings at a symposium on the Everglades, and two weeks later he had a meeting with Governor Graham.

Parker and Gannon are all for the restoration of the Kissimmee, but Gannon, who spent eight years as a meteorologist with a federal task force doing research on cloud seeding before becoming a professor at Lyndon State College in Vermont last year, points out that the rain machine of South Florida has been permanently impaired in part by "the capping of both coasts with concrete at the same time the Kissimmee was going down the tube," which retards the evapo-transpiration process.

If Gannon had it within his power, he would put an immediate stop to development. For instance, he would reflow Golden Gate Estates, a huge tract of land east of Naples that was drained but never built on. "To call for cloud seeding or water conservation is not the same as doing all-out research on the causes or potential causes of the problem," Gannon says. "The most reliable and sensible way to demonstrate the effect of surface alterations is through numerical modeling. You can't observe rainfall in 1900, but you can numerically simulate 1900, the present time and what is likely to happen in the year 2000 or 2030 at the present rate of land alteration." Gannon believes that it is important that Florida do this so the public can realize what has been happening to the state.

Marshall agrees. The vitality of the state is at stake, and as Jones says, "Art Marshall is more than an ecologist. He's a prophet. He has been right every time when he has called the shots. The South Florida Management District has been light-years behind him in knowledge and understanding of the system. If Marshall had been wrong once, I might not have the faith I have in him, but he has been right, right, right, and the people and politicians had damn well better listen to what he says."

Before and after: The channelized river (right) runs by an old Kissimmee meander.



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Until recently, all anyone really knew about the students at Biola University, a tiny Evangelical liberal arts school in La Mirada, Calif., 22 miles southeast of Los Angeles, was that they abhorred as "morally degrading" such collegiate pastimes as drinking, smoking, dancing and gambling, and that they read the Bible—a lot. Understandably. The curriculum at Biola, which was formerly known as the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, includes 30 credits' worth of Bible study. But now, thanks to the game's only two-headed coach, a scrappy group of overachievers and perhaps the tallest man ever to lace up a pair of sneakers for competition in this country, a lot of people are finding out that the Biolans can play a little basketball, too.

Last week the Eagles shelacked Southern California College 75-42 at Whittier College to win their third consecutive NAIA District III championship. With a 35-0 record, the only unblemished mark in the nation, and the No. 1 ranking in the NAIA's final regular-season poll, they were topseded in this week's NAIA national tournament at Kansas City. Biola, which lost in the second round of the nationals in each of the past two years, hoped to become just the second undefeated No. 1-seeded team to win the NAIA title, and the first to bring the trophy back to the beleaguered District III—which encompasses California and Nevada—since 1945 when Loyola (Calif.) won a war-restricted eight-team tournament.

The brain trust of the Eagles is the coaching partnership of Lyon & Holmquist. Fifty-four-year-old Howard Lyon led Biola to a record of 140-73 between 1971 and 1978 as the Eagles' one and only coach. Thirty-one-year-old Dave Holmquist, a starting guard at Biola from 1971 to '73 and a part-time assistant from 1973 to '75, approached Lyon with



Kirchmeyer is 6' 7", but he still has to look up to Bell.

Standing tall among the small

The nation's only perfect regular season mark belongs to tiny Biola

the idea of a double team after quitting his head coaching position at Fresno Pacific in 1978. "Howard had asked me if I'd like to come back," says Holmquist, "but I knew I didn't want to be an assistant coach again after being a head coach. I said to him, 'What about a

by Roger Jackson

co-head coaching situation, a breaking up of the responsibilities?" He was excited about that."

"Howard needed some extra help," says Biola Athletic Director Charles Sarver, who approved of the arrangement. "He'd asked year after year after year for an assistant." Before the start of the 1978-79 season, Lyon and Holmquist mapped out the responsibilities. Lyon would handle the Eagle offense, while Holmquist, whose last Fresno Pacific team led the NAIA in scoring defense, would coach his specialty. Lyon would be concerned with the scheduling, run the school basketball camp and attend to all the paper work, while Holmquist would take care of recruiting and handing out scholarships. Though the road was rocky at first—"One of us would make a suggestion that would be ignored, or make an arbitrary substitution," says Holmquist—the team qualified for the District III playoffs that year with a 17-15 record.

In the next two seasons Biola went 26-4 and 25-7. This year's team finished the regular season second in the nation in field-goal percentage (56.8), defense (49.8 points allowed) and average winning margin (23.6). Now the two coaches work together harmoniously. "It would seem that there'd be problems, but there aren't," says Holmquist. "Howard is a very gracious type of guy. We're really flexible." Says Lyon, "He has ideas about my areas and I have ideas about his. If there's a difference, the person in charge has the final say."

In the matter of style, "Dave is a philosopher, while Howard is a purist, a basketball junkie," says Kirk Chittick, the Eagles' part-time assistant coach. "If Howard's not coaching he's watching films or going to clinics. Dave is a fine coach, but he can take it or leave it."

"Coach Lyon knows all the fundamental techniques and subtleties of the game," says senior Rich Cundall, a 6' 5" guard who is the Eagles' playmaker. "Dave has been an asset because he's close to us in age and because he's a great motivator."

Sometimes Lyon's attention to detail can leave him vulnerable to one of the Eagles' favorite pastimes—bagging. "Coach Lyon can come up with some classic lines," says Warren Ellis, who, at just 6 feet, is the Eagles' shooting guard. "Like one day he got on some guy and said, 'You're zigging when you should be zagging,' whatever that meant." "The guys showed up a few days later with brown paper bags on their heads," says Lyon with a laugh. "They had slogans on them, things I told them to work on."

The gag says as much for the players' perspective as it does for their sense of humor. None of this band of Eagles was highly recruited out of high school. Cundall, the only member of the team to play all four years at Biola, wasn't recruited by a single school. Forward Wade Kirchmeyer, the team's leading scorer (16.6) and rebounder (7.8) and the school's all-time leading field-goal shooter (68%), was a transfer from Mesa State College in Colorado. Mark Sontoski, the other forward and the team's second-leading scorer (11.5), leading free-throw shooter (85%) and second-leading rebounder (5.6), transferred to Biola after two years at nearby Cerritos College. Ellis, the team leader in steals (81) and second-leading assist maker (3.46 per game), transferred from Santa Ana (Calif.) College. Pat McDougall, the 6' 9" center who is the team's assist leader and third-leading rebounder, came to Biola after one uneventful season at Fresno State. "We're like a bunch of misfits," says Sontoski. "But we misfit together so well we're like an assembled puzzle. Put us together and we make a pretty picture."

Then there is George Bell, who goes 7' 8". Physical ailments kept him from playing high school ball in his hometown of Portsmouth, Va. After unhappy stints at Morris Brown College in Atlanta and the University of California-Riverside (1980-81), the 285-pound Bell transferred to Biola last fall and sat out the first 16 weeks of the school year, as required of NAIA transfers. "Anyone else in my position probably would have quit," he says.

Through 23 games he has averaged 5.2 points and 2.7 rebounds, and according to Holmquist, has improved "300%." "The one thing I like is that I'm being treated like a person and not like an athlete," says Bell. "It's a great feeling. I don't even feel any kind of pressure."

Because of Bell, McDougall is another who has found a happy home at Biola. "For the first time in a long time," he says, "nobody has asked me how tall I am."

In the NAIA, Biola is standing very tall, indeed.

THE WEEK

(March 1-7)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Athletes in Action, the preach-and-play adjunct of Campus Crusade for Christ, lived up to the Biblical admonition in Proverbs 18:9 about not being "idle" in one's work by working over DePaul 91-86. Four fast-break baskets during a 14-0 stretch put AIA ahead 17-6 in the exhibition game, which Blue Demon Coach Ray Meyer booked so his squad wouldn't have a two-week layoff before going into the NCAA's. Meyer didn't mind the defeat, which didn't end his team's streak of 21 collegiate triumphs, because he hoped it would arouse his sometimes lethargic players. Terry Cummings popped in 27 points for DePaul and Bernard Randolph had 26. Dave Johnson, formerly of Weber State, led AIA with 27 points. This was the biggest win for AIA since it shocked San Francisco in 1977, when the Dons were ranked No. 1 in the nation. It was also the third triumph over a Top 20 team for AIA, which earlier in the season beat Wake Forest 63-62 and Idaho 77-73 in double overtime.

Minnesota's 7' 3" Randy Breuer had to wait two months for a chance to avenge for his miserable 6-for-17 shooting during a defeat at Ohio State. When his chance finally came, Breuer made the most of it, sinking 11 of 16 field-goal attempts and all 10 of his free throws to carry the Gophers past the Buckeyes 87-75. In addition to 32 points, Breuer had 12 rebounds, two blocked shots, two steals and two assists. That victory, plus a 54-51 thriller over Michigan State, gave Minnesota its first Big Ten title since 1972.

Iowa, which at one stage was 10-1 in the conference, continued to plummet. Losses at Illinois (73-67 in overtime) and Purdue (66-65) left the Hawkeyes with five defeats in their last seven outings. Iowa led 54-45 before falling under stepped-up pressure from the Boilermakers. Purdue's Keith Edmonson,

who led the Big Ten in scoring (20.6), had 17 points and knotted the game at 65-65 with a baseline jumper with 1:04 left. Then freshman Dan Palombino, who had a 2.3-point average, got his only point of the game on a foul shot with no time remaining, enabling the Boilermakers to finish 14-13 and avoid their first losing season since 1965-66. Despite its slump, Iowa got an NCAA bid, as did defending national champion Indiana and Ohio State.

Northern Illinois was also in the 48-team field. The Huskies (16-13) made it by upsetting Bowling Green 67-66 and regular-season winner Ball State 79-75 in overtime during the Mid-American tournament. Northern Illinois' Allen Rayhorn had 24 points in the semifinal against the Falcons, including a basket that tied the score at 64-64 and a decisive foul shot with five seconds to go. The 6' 9" Rayhorn then scored 23 points against Ball State. At least as vital in that game was the defensive job that Leonard Hayes did on high-scoring Ray McCallum, whom he held to 14 points. Three SEC teams also made it to the NCAA's postseason playoff winner Alabama (page 26), Kentucky and Tennessee. Marquette picked up a bid, too, as did Trans-America champ Middle Tennessee State and Sanibel victor Alabama-Birmingham.

The NCAA announced that Louisiana Tech would be the top-seeded Midwest team in its first-ever Division I women's tournament. The top seeds in the other three brackets are Southern Cal, DId Dominion and Long Beach State.

WEST The way his players put on their sneakers was about all they did right, said Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller after a 68-60 defeat at Arizona State. Corey McMullen, a 6' 9" Sun Devil junior who hadn't done much right all season (he was averaging 2.6 points and 3.1 rebounds a game), did the most to knock off the Beavers. Although he didn't enter the game until well into the first half, McMullen latched on to 15 rebounds, blocked seven shots and scored 10 points. Last season, in the next-to-last game, at Corvallis, Arizona State had spoiled the Beavers' try for a perfect regular-season record by pulling off an 87-67 upset. Oregon State, the Pac-10 champ, which earlier in the week drubbed Arizona 92-64, advanced to the NCAA's along with Southern Cal (19-8), which defeated Washington State 61-56 and Washington 76-70.

UCLA, which is on probation and cannot take part in postseason competition, beat Washington 68-67 and Washington State 57-54. Rod Foster, who had 25 points against the Huskies, sank nine of 10 free throws in that game and set an NCAA mark for accuracy from the foul line by ending up the season with 95 conversions in 101 tries.

California's Mark McNamara was also on target. The 6' 11" senior center, playing de-

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sprite a badly injured ankle, sank 10 of 11 floor shots as the Golden Bears whipped Stanford 78-59. By netting 25 of 30 shots in three games during the past two weeks, McNamara wound up with the second-best field-goal percentage ever for a season, 70.2%. The only higher NCAA figure was the 74.6% by Oregon State's Steve Johnson last year.

Idaho got some sears but no sears while taking the Big Sky tournament on its home court. Weber State kept the Vandals off balance throughout a semifinal matchup by frequently varying both its offense and defense. But Idaho, which blew a 12-point first-half advantage, came out on top 57-55. At the intermission in the finale, Nevada-Reno led the Vandals 36-34 and had outrebounded them 23-14. Then Idaho put on a 15-6 spurt and won 85-80. Vandal Guard Ken Owens, who scored 19 of his 27 points in the second half and who had eight steals in two games, was the tournament's MVP.

More than 3,000 Fresno State fans traveled 225 miles to the PCAA tournament in Anaheim. They weren't disappointed. The Red Wabz beat Long Beach State 76-55 and Fullerton State 69-57. Donald Mason, the tournament MVP, scored a total of 43 points.

WAC champ Pepperdine edged Loyola-Marymount 105-104 in overtime, its fourth OT victory during a winning streak that has now reached 14. Second-place San Francisco, which is also NCAA-bound, knocked off Santa Clara 91-83. Wyoming joined the party by locking up the WAC title.

EAST Six seconds into the Virginia-North Carolina showdown in the ACC finals, James Worthy of the Tar Heels stuffed a shot. That was the start of eight near-perfect minutes for Carolina, which during that time didn't commit an error of foul and built a 24-12 lead. The Cavaliers came back to lead by three early in the second half, but then the Heels set up a screen that freed Michael Jordan for four straight jumpers. With a 44-43 lead, North Carolina went into its 4-C spread offense. Four seconds from the end, Matt Doherty sank both ends of a one-and-one foul opportunity to put the Tar Heels up 47-43, after which they gave up an uncontested basket. The Tar Heels reached the finals by walking Georgia Tech 55-39 and North Carolina State 58-46. Virginia trailed Clemson 54-46 with 4:19 left in the first round, but won 56-54. Guard Otell Walton of the Cavaliers suffered a thigh injury early in that game and missed the rest of the tournament. In the semis, Virginia overcame Wake Forest's late slowdown and won 51-49 in OT when Ricky Stokes rebounded his own miss and scored a basket just before the buzzer. Virginia, Wake Forest and N.C. State all received at-large bids to the NCAA tournament.

With the score 33-33 at halftime of the title game against Villanova in the Big

SI TOP 20

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| 1. DePAUL (26-1) | 1 * |
| 2. N. CAROLINA (27-2) | 3 |
| 3. VIRGINIA (29-3) | 2 |
| 4. OREGON STATE (23-4) | 4 |
| 5. MISSOURI (26-3) | 5 |
| 6. MINNESOTA (22-8) | 6 |
| 7. TULSA (24-5) | 7 |
| 8. IDAHO (26-2) | 9 |
| 9. GEORGETOWN (26-6) | 12 |
| 10. FRESNO STATE (26-2) | 11 |
| 11. MEMPHIS STATE (22-4) | 13 |
| 12. ARKANSAS (23-5) | 15 |
| 13. UCLA (21-6) | 16 |
| 14. ALABAMA (23-6) | — |
| 15. KENTUCKY (22-7) | 10 |
| 16. WEST VIRGINIA (26-3) | 14 |
| 17. IOWA (20-7) | 8 |
| 18. HOUSTON (23-7) | 18 |
| 19. WAKE FOREST (20-8) | 19 |
| 20. EVANSVILLE (23-5) | — |

* Last week

East tournament, Georgetown Coach John Thompson gave his team what he called "The greatest 10-minute speech ever on defense, on how we would run press and fall back into a zone." As Thompson returned to the court, however, Hoyas Guard Eric Smith dared to suggest that the team play man-to-man instead. Thompson said, "It's yours. Do it." G'town did it and won 72-54. Earlier the Hoyas had defeated Providence 62-48 and St. John's 57-42. Georgetown, Villanova, Boston College and St. John's will all represent the Big East in the NCAA's.

What turned on Pitt during the finals of the Eastern Eight tournament were the words of the opposing coach, Gale Catlett of West Virginia. After beating the Panthers two weeks earlier, Catlett had labeled their program "mediocre." Last week, Pitt used an effective 1-3-1 trap defense against the Mountaineers and won 79-72. The Panthers' not-so-mediocre reward, an NCAA berth. West Virginia got a spot in the NCAA's, too.

Also revved up for the big tournament was Ivy League champ Penn, which ended the regular season with a 14-game winning streak. Others who received bids were St. Joseph's, Robert Morris, Northeastern, Old Dominion, Tennessee-Chattanooga, James Madison and North Carolina A&T.

MIDWEST Missouri showed "em. The Tigers, who hadn't won a semifinal game in a Big Eight tournament in three years, finally did so by spending Nebraska 58-53. What made the victory doubly sweet and doubly important was that Mizzou gained revenge against the team that had broken its 19-game victory streak earlier in the season and that the Tigers prevailed without the services of defensive ace Moon

McCrory. McCrory took an elbow in the face late in the first half of a first-round game and missed the rest of the tournament. Oklahoma won the other semifinal, upsetting NCAA-bound Kansas State for the second time, 68-62. The Sooners, picked to end up last in the Big Eight, raised their record to 19-9 as Chuck Bennett scored 26 points, most on long-range line-drive jumpers that rattled the Wildcats' 3-2 zone. In the title match, Missouri's Jon Sundvold and Ricky Frazer were the marksmen. Sundvold sank six straight floor shots, all from 20-foot range, in the opening eight minutes and wound up with 21 points. Frazer hit on 12 of 14 shots and grabbed nine rebounds as the Tigers won 68-63. With McCrory injured, Prince Bridges guarded Bennett, the conference's top scorer, and limited him to eight points.

Arkansas players, raked by TCU Guard Jeff Baker's comment to the press that the Hogs were overrated and could be beaten, stopped the Horned Frogs 80-70 in an SBC semifinal. Scott Hastings scored 27 points and Dorrell Walker 23 for the Razorbacks. In the championship game against Houston, Arkansas won 84-69 as Alvin Robertson, in only his fourth start, had 23 points.

Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson was so disgusted with his team's play that he walked off the court with six seconds to go in the first half of the Missouri Valley title game against Illinois State. The Golden Hurricane, which led only 36-35 at halftime, came out smokin' in the second half, repeatedly forced Redbirds into off-balance shots and won going away, 90-77. A school-record 20 steals had helped Tulsa blow out Creighton 106-81 in the first round, after which came an 85-61 defeat of New Mexico State.

Evansville automatically qualified for the NCAA tournament by taking the Midwestern City Conference showdown. Guard Brad Leaf scored 23 points as the Purple Aces defeated Loyola 81-72 in the final. Errol Turam, a 7' 1" sophomore from Turkey, had

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RICKY FRAZER: Missouri's 6' 6" senior forward led the Tigers to the Big Eight tournament title with superb floor shooting (28 out of 36, 77.8%), 63 points, 29 rebounds, five assists and two steals.

14 points, 12 rebounds and three blocked shots in that game for Evansville.

With Keith Lee getting 27 points and 15 rebounds, Memphis State beat Louisville in the Metro wrap-up. The Tigers made it to the finale by nipping Virginia Tech 71-70 on a tip-in by Bobby Parks with two seconds remaining. Louisville (19-9) picked up an NCAA bid. Alcorn State, Southwestern Louisiana and Northeast Louisiana State were also in the field.

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Jay Vincent limped into Dallas' Reunion Arena on a strained left knee, before a Maverick shootaround. Two nights earlier he had limped to 23 points in 37 minutes against the Houston Rockets. Indeed, on the night he suffered the injury—almost a month ago, late in the first half of a game against the New York Knicks—he had scored 40 points, shooting nine-for-nine from the field in the third quarter. The knee needed rest, but Vincent said, "I'd prefer not to sit out now ... if you know what I mean."

We know. Before breaking a bone in his right foot last Dec. 9, fellow rookie Forward Mark Aguirre was averaging 23.6 points a game and was a contender for Rookie of the Year—a position Vincent now shares with Buck Williams, Kelly Tripucka and Isiah Thomas. Averaging 26.7 points and 7.4 rebounds in the 39 games he's started since Aguirre was injured, Vincent has been virtually unstoppable.

Except by Aguirre. In his first full workout after returning from his injury,

by Anthony Cotton

er forwards. "I'm effective from anywhere in the post," he says. "I don't think anyone can stop me from four feet on in. They either let me score or foul me."

It's hard to believe now, but Vincent wasn't the Mavericks' first choice for a hired gun. Or the second. Much to his chagrin, Aguirre and Guard Rolando Blackman were picked ahead of him. Vincent was the Mavs' first choice in the second round, the 24th player picked overall. He was so sure he'd be taken in the first round that on the day of the draft he invited about 15 friends to his home in Lansing, Mich. to what he thought would be an early celebration. "It was heartbreak time," Vincent says. "All the fellas were trying to cheer me up, but there was just no cheer there."

Maverick Coach Dick Motta, who had considered taking Vincent with the ninth pick in the first round but instead chose Blackman, was happy to find Vincent available on the second round. Motta was also surprised to see Elston Turner of Mississippi, who has become his starting off-guard, available on the second. Dallas quickly grabbed him, too, although by now Motta was doubting himself. "We'd gotten four players we thought very highly of when we expected only two. I began to wonder if there were some flaws in our scouting system."

Motta wasn't assuaged when he saw Vincent work out in Dallas' preseason rookie camp. While Aguirre was playing like the No. 1 pick in the draft, and Turner and Brad Davis were reviving memories of Motta's Chicago backcourt combination of Jerry Sloan and Norm Van Lier, Vincent was sluggish and overweight. "He was a disappointment at first, not in his ability but in his attitude," Motta says. "He said he was upset about the draft, but he came in too heavy to show why it was wrong."

"We just didn't get along at first," Vincent says of Motta. "It was like I was over here and he was over there." As Aguirre got off to his scintillating early start, Vincent struggled. Limited to

continued

The 'wrong' rookie, right?

Maybe, but when Mark Aguirre got hurt, Jay Vincent became a power



Vincent imperative: Let me score or foul me.

Mark was the player on the floor most sought after by the media. For Vincent the scene brought back familiar memories, but nothing to be concerned with at present. Aguirre is coming off the bench and still not playing at peak efficiency, and when he does begin to cook it may be on a back burner to Vincent. "You can forget about playing team defense when you guard Vincent," says the Knicks' Campy Russell, who tried to guard him when he popped for 40. "You're too busy to help out on other players." Especially when the other players are intent upon getting the ball to Vincent. "Jay's been my meal ticket because he helps me so much," says Allan Bristow, a nine-year veteran who is second in assists behind Boston's Larry Bird among NBA non-guards. "Teams are so worried about him inside that they don't play me tough outside. That just gives me an easier lane to pass the ball to Jay. I could take that shot, but I know I'm never going to lead the league in scoring [he averages seven points a game]. If Jay can hit 70% of the time he gets the ball around the basket, then why not give it to him?"

At 6' 7", 230 pounds, Vincent is already one of the NBA's best pow-

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PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

about 19 minutes a game, Vincent was acting as if "it was the last 19 minutes I'd ever get," he says. "I thought the world would end if I didn't score 20 points or get 30 rebounds."

As much as anything else it was a "little thing" that made a believer out of Motta. Against Milwaukee on Jan. 20, Vincent took an elbow that left him with a nasty gash over his right eye, requiring four stitches. Before the game had ended, though, Vincent was back in the line-up. Perhaps the medical attention inspired the nickname Doctor Jay, but Vincent objected. "It just didn't sound right," he says. "It would be like calling another player the Ice Man."

With all due respect to Lamont Cranston, the Shadow would be a perfect nickname for Vincent. Whether fighting for recognition or fighting on the street, Vincent has always lived in the shadows. As one of six brothers growing up in Lansing, Jay was off limits for the neighborhood bullies. When not protecting each other from the wolves, the Vincent siblings competed for the attention of their parents, Sylvester, who died in 1972, and Ella.

In basketball Jay developed from a park player whose repertoire consisted of nothing but hook shots ("I'd hook from the free-throw line, from the top of the key, from anywhere") to perhaps the best schoolboy player in the history of Lansing. "Perhaps" because he had a great rival, name of Earvin (later known as Magic) Johnson. "The first time we played against each other I was in the third grade at Holmes Street School, and he played for Main Street," Vincent recalls. "His team beat ours by a point, and afterward everyone wanted to fight him because he had brought the only score-keeper; ours was sick."

From that potential rumble a friendship was born. When they weren't competing against each other, Jay and Magic were often teammates, first starting on a pee-wee football team. But the real battles were on the basketball floor.

Let the record show that Johnson's Everett High team beat Vincent's Eastern High in both games their sophomore year and all three the next season. Eastern finally won a year later but lost twice more, including 86-79 in overtime. In that game, Vincent scored 25 points with 13 rebounds and four assists. Magic's numbers were 45, 30 and 15.

It was almost as if the two were play-

ing strictly against each other instead of for their teams. Everett went all the way in the state tournament and Johnson was the hero. "People said I should wait until Magic committed to a school, then choose somewhere else, but I didn't want to do that," Vincent says. Typically, he declared for Michigan State two weeks before Johnson. In their sophomore year, along with Greg Kelsey, another illustrious player and future pro, the Spartans won the NCAA title. But Vincent, who had suffered a stress fracture in his right foot during a second-round game against Lamar, played sparingly.

Although still hobbled the next season, Vincent led the Big Ten in scoring with a 22.1 average. In the off-season he had electrodes implanted to help the foot heal, and he again led the conference as a senior, with a 24.1 average, and was UPI's Big Ten Player of the Year.

After that championship season, all the Magic had left the Spartans and Vincent was in the shadows again, where he would remain until Aguirre's injury gave him room to strut his stuff. Not coincidentally, Vincent's rise parallels that of the Mavericks themselves. After a 1-13 start, Dallas has gone 18-28, and 30 victories appears an attainable goal. And Motta's Great Experiment, combining Vincent with Aguirre at forward, may yet prove to be successful. "I think these two can go down in history with Chet Walker and Bob Love or Elvin Hayes and Bobby Dandridge," Motta says, referring to the matched forwards he coached in Chicago and Washington. "Before Mark came back, Jay was the only true scorer we had. People don't know which is the small forward and which is the power forward, but that's O.K. In Chicago we'd flip a coin before each game to decide that."

Motta knows whereof he speaks. In a game on Dec. 5 against Denver, Aguirre scored 26 points to Vincent's 25. Every-one scores against the Nuggets, but Vincent and Aguirre feel they'll be able to do it to the best of 'em. As soon as Aguirre gets untracked, that is. On the Thursday of his first home game since returning, against Golden State, Aguirre was the one pressing, mishandling the ball and going one-for-eight from the field. "I was trying to do too much too quickly," he said. "I've never had to deal with something like this before." Perhaps he can get a few lessons from Jay Vincent, who's an old hand at that game. **END**



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HORSE RACING



Timely Writer charges down the stretch at Hialeah, outpacing the oversized field.

He's a cut above the rest

After years of clammers, two Boston butchers win big with Timely Writer

by William Leggett

For at least the next two months, and perhaps beyond that, Francis and Peter Martin of Boston will be stabs. How Boston handles them will be interesting to behold, because horse racing around the Hub has never been given the same respect as the Celts, Broons, Bosox or Patsies. Roll this around in your mind for a spell: A Boston horse may be favored to win the Kentucky Derby. Thoroughbreds have raced in the Boston area for years, but rarely has one of its horses stepped into the national spotlight. Heck, the best horse to come out of New England was ridden by Paul Revere, and nobody even remembers its name.

Last Saturday at Hialeah a 3-year-old named Timely Writer, which the Martins bought for only \$13,500, ran off and hid from 15 opponents to win the \$250,000 Flamingo Stakes and make himself the Eastern favorite for the Triple Crown

races. At the end of the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile Flamingo, Timely Writer was 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in front of New Discovery and well ahead of two highly touted colts, Victorian Line, who finished eighth, and Royal Roberto, who came in sixth.

Flamingo Day 1982 was a day racing fans in Florida will be talking about for years. It was the closing day of Hialeah's 50-day meeting, and at 11 a.m. it started pouring. Usually a rainstorm two hours before post time for the first race means that those thinking about going to the races will opt for other diversions. Not last Saturday. People converged on Hialeah in droves, causing horrendous traffic jams and filling all the parking lots five hours before the running of the Flamingo. After the deluge, the weather was hot and muggy, and by the fifth race many of the bars in the old racetrack had run out of beer. Long lines snaked back from hot dog stands and it seemed that everyone was wagging his pink program, hoping to promote a breeze.

Hialeah is supposed to be on its way out as a racetrack; when 40,886 turned up on Saturday, the second-biggest crowd in the track's 58 years (the record was set in 1956, when Nashua won the Widener), nobody could figure it out. Granted, it was "jacket day" at Hialeah and every paying customer received a pink windbreaker, which leads to two possible conclusions: either a lot of folks in Miami need pink jackets or the Flamingo was potentially a fascinating race.

Two days earlier, when entries were taken, 17 horses were named, a staggering number considering how the Flamingo is run. Hialeah is a 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile racetrack, meaning that the start and finish of the race are directly in front of the stands and that the run into the first turn is very short, only 325 feet. Conquistador Cielo scratched and the field was reduced to 16, but even so, fans on the rail could literally reach out and touch the horse in Post Position 16. In a field that large, the worst situation for any horse is in one of the outside post positions. Timely Writer drew Post 15. In his short racing career of eight starts, he had gained a reputa-

continued

tion of being a horse that runs from behind, and from there you can get into heavy traffic in a large field.

But Timely Writer had other qualities. He had saved his best races for the big events. He wasn't a Secretariat or a Seattle Slew or a Spectacular Bid, but the things he did well he did very well indeed. Still, many racetrackers found it difficult to believe in Timely Writer because, after all, he's a Boston horse.

On the program Timely Writer's ownership is listed as "Nitram Stable"—Martin spelled backward. Francis and Peter Martin have owned horses for 28 years, mostly cheap claimers. The Mar-

tins own Kyes Supply Co. in Boston, a distributor of meat to restaurants, institutions and hotels, and almost every day the brothers can be found in their warehouse wearing white aprons, chopping up roasts and T-bones. Sometimes, when a Nitram horse runs at Suffolk Downs, only one of the Martins will be able to shake loose and go to the races; the other will be left behind with a cleaver in one hand and a transistor radio in the other.

In 1980 the Martins bought Timely Writer at the Fasig-Tipton fall yearling sale in Lexington for the aforementioned \$13,500. The colt, a son of Staff Writer out of Timely Roman, was broken at Another Episode Farm near Ocala, Fla. On June 9, 1981 he showed up at the track for the first time, but in an odd place: Monmouth Park in Oceanport, N.J. What, you might wonder, was a horse trained in Florida and bound for Suffolk

Downs doing on the Jersey Shore? Simple: The Martins wanted to cash a bet. And they did. They got nearly 5-1 for their money as Timely Writer won a \$30,000 claiming race by eight lengths.

Timely Writer moved on to Boston, and on July 4 he won New England's top race for 2-year-olds, the Mayflower. Winning the Mayflower is a nice thing to do, but it's not a feat much noted in the rest of the country. In early August Timely Writer was shipped to Saratoga for the Saratoga Special, but he got in trouble and he finished third. The Martins kept him at Saratoga to run in the Hopeful, one of the nation's most prestigious 2-year-

old stakes. The favorite was Out of Hock, a speedball. Timely Writer hung behind the speed and then threw in a closing burst to win by $4\frac{1}{4}$ lengths. That got him some pub. And when, in October, Timely Writer won the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park, he became one of the leaders of his division. Yet the public didn't quite know what to make of him:

He had gone off at 6/5-1 in the Hopeful and 8-1 in the Champagne. After all, he was still a Boston horse.

Ten days before the Flamingo, Timely Writer came in sixth in a prep race at Hialeah. His trainer, Dominic Imprescia, wasn't upset. "My aim all winter has been to win the Flamingo," he said, "and a poor finish in a prep race doesn't discourage me." A few days later Imprescia gave his colt a fine workout with jockey Jeff Fell up and was convinced that he would run well in the Flamingo.

"When the draw for post positions was held," Imprescia says, "I didn't like our spot at all. He was far outside, and the chances are he was going to get in trouble. I told Jeff to try to outrun at least half the field in the early going so we could make a move without hitting traffic."

Fell did what he was told. He used some of the speed that Timely Writer had first shown in that claiming race at Monmouth Park. After half a mile, the colt had half the field beaten and then, approaching the turn, he just went whoosh and drew out. The winner's circle after the race was full of New Englanders, though many weren't part of the official party. "A lot of them I never saw before," Imprescia says. "They just showed up. Some, I guess, are New England horseplayers rooting for a Boston horse in a very big race."

Right after the Flamingo, it was announced that a half-interest in Timely Writer, who has earned \$368,311 so far, had been sold to Dr. William O. Reed of New York and Kentucky, one of racing's best-known and most highly regarded veterinarians. Because he's a track vet, Reed cannot share in Timely Writer's race earnings, so he cannot begin to get a return on his investment until the horse retires to stud this October. While no price was given for Reed's share, a guess of \$3 million wouldn't be far off.

Timely Writer's next start will be in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on April 3. When he has finished running in the Triple Crown races, he'll be prepared for the Woodward, Marlboro Cup and Jockey Club Gold Cup, all to be run at Belmont Park in the fall. This week a stunning announcement was made about those three races, which offer purses totaling \$1.1 million. Should any horse sweep the three, he'll get a bonus of another million. That would be quite a few beans for a Boston horse.



Hialeah highlights: Imprescia tickled pink, and a flamingo named Freddie really flying.

A vintage photograph of a grand hotel lobby, likely a Hilton. The scene is filled with people in mid-20th-century business attire. In the foreground, a man in a dark suit and a woman in a grey dress are engaged in conversation. Behind them, other guests are walking, some carrying luggage. The lobby is characterized by high ceilings, ornate chandeliers, and large columns, creating a sophisticated and elegant atmosphere.

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BATTY ABOUT CAVES

Cavers are folks who get higher by heading down, none more so than Tom Aley, who has a heaven under earth in his Tumbling Creek Cave deep in the Ozarks

by Bil Gilbert

CONTINUED

73



Cathy Aleay, here measuring the rate of stalactite drippings, studies water movement.

fascination with big holes and mazes in the ground is an ancient and enduring one. Still, not until after World War II were there enough chronic cavers to make this a discrete, identifiable recreation in this country. A good many other free-form nature sports have caught hold in this period. We came back from our war with the customary distaste for organization and discipline but also with a lot of good liberated gear suitable for much more enjoyable outdoor adventures than those we had been having with it. There is a theory that the so-called environmental movement got going a few years later because so many vets returned possessing, for the first time in their lives, a decent sleeping bag.

In the late 1940s Washington, D.C. became a hub of American sport caving. A group of restless young employees of the U.S. Geological Survey had subterranean expertise and enthusiasm. Also, some of the best cave country in the world, the limestone ridges of the western Virginias, is only a four- or five-hour drive from the District. As a staging area and place to crash, the most regular caver-

CAVES *continued*

There is something especially addictive about what might be called nature sport—hunting, fishing, falconry, birding, mountaineering, white water canoeing and other pastimes of that sort. One reason may be that the challenges are infinitely open-ended and no accomplishment can ever be certified as ultimate. It is possible to pitch a no-hit, no-walk, no-run baseball game, bowl 300, shoot a hole in one, or at least in competitive games come up an indisputable winner. However, nobody has ever perfectly flown the perfectly manned goshawk, caught the ultimate trout or defeated a river. There is always a sense that there remains more to know and experience and these possibilities beckon as ever greater depths do the rapture-seeking diver.

There is no clinical way of ranking various recreations but, of the nature sportsmen I have been around, cavers, as a group, seem to get higher, so to speak, and generally display the most obsessive behavior. These are not the seven million or so citizens who annually buy tickets to take guided tours of commercial caves, which often are wired for gaudy lights and organs, but rather the few thousand enthusiasts whose passionate pleasure it is to find, descend into and squirm about in wild caves. (The difference between wild and commercial caverns is somewhat like the difference between meeting a bear in a circus and coming upon one in a blackberry thicket.) Sometimes these people call themselves spelunkers, because the formal study of caves is speleology. But if they do they are regarded derisively by hard-core addicts, who always say they are cavers and that their sport is caving.

Innumerable Becky Thatcher-Tom Sawyer episodes and a good bit of archaeological evidence make it clear that our



ers lensed an isolated cabin at the upper end of the gorge of the Bull Pasture River, a tributary of the James. It sat in a grove of big hemlocks near a good spring in which there was an underwater entrance to a cave. There was only one true room, but it had a fireplace and a lean-to kitchen and could sleep 20 or 30 if the floor was efficiently used. It often was, since there were 100 or more sporty wild cavers within a 50-mile radius. For cavers, the cabin was what New York's Algonquin Hotel was for the literati in the 1920s. One raw, sleety March day a party of cavers from Yale arrived at the cabin at 3 a.m., having driven straight through from New Haven. Such late entrances weren't unusual and the only reaction to theirs was a mumbled demand that they lie down and shut up. A few hours later I was the first one to have a conscious congress with the Yalies. In those days I had very little confidence in anybody else's ability to make pancakes on a soapstone griddle and therefore tried to get up first and do it myself. When I did on this morning all of the sons of Eli but one were dead to the world. The exception was a hairy, thin-faced youth who was sitting upright, in his sleeping bag on the third tier of the bunk rack. He was holding a flashlight and was hunched over

what appeared to be a notebook. I asked him why he was awake after all that driving. He said, "I cannot sleep when I am near important caves." About the notebook, he said, "I am noting my pre-cave state of awareness."

Personally I think a cave is a kind of environmental drug, which can distort and play tricks on our senses in almost hallucinogenic ways. The sensation isn't always pleasant but it is different from that associated with any other terrestrial habitat.

On the surface, we are rarely without some light sources, direct or indirect. But in caves, it is truly dark. Caves aren't so perfectly silent, there being occasional sounds of dripping water, streams gurgling, whispering bat wings and faint air currents, but in comparison to the surface, sensual stimuli are few and weak. Also, in caves the range of weather changes—wind, precipitation, temperature and humidity—is greatly narrowed. (The temperature of caves, insulated as



Tom Alley's discovery of a wondrous array of animal species led to the cave's designation as a landmark.

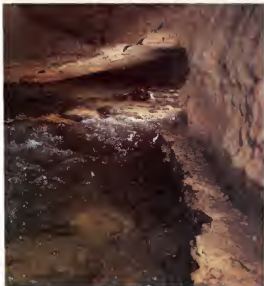
they are from temporary meteorological influences, is approximately equal to the average annual temperature of the surface above them. In the great American cave belt stretching from the Blue Ridge Mountains westward through the Ozarks most caves are always in the bland 55° to 60° F range.)

Aboveground there is a chaos of sights, sounds, smells, feelings and movements which bombard us so constantly that we often don't respond to or even recognize them individually. Caves give some respite from this, but for the same reasons are, paradoxically, quite stimulating the properties of the things that do exist in caves, such as a tiny salamander or the slow dropping of water from a soda-straw stalactite, seem to be perceived and recorded with a supernatural clarity. Because there are so few background distractions there is a heightened sense of one's interior—of the workings of mind, emotions and imagination. The overall effect is a sense of consciousness being expanded and altered. For some, once it is experienced there is a strong desire to do it again, and seeking the experience becomes truly addictive.

Caves and even alumni of the activity—which describes my present status—tend

continued

Flowing 170 feet below the earth's surface is Tumbling Creek, the cave's namesake.



to search each other out and gossip, in part on the reasonable assumption that above-grounders might not appreciate their special interests and fixations. Therefore, before I met him I had heard stories about a man named Tom Alely. (We didn't become acquainted until last year because he came along a half generation after I did and is from California, which used to be regarded by the Eastern caving Establishment as Vermont skiers

might regard Alabama.) The gist of the stories was that Alely was living proof about how wrong and begot we had been about Californians, that he was as gang-bro, drive-all-night, impression-noting a man as ever chimneyed his way into a dome cave.

This was probably true, but isn't how he comes on now. At present Alely is perhaps the most prominent and professional American field speleologist. He and his wife, Cathy, a limnologist (a student of bodies of fresh water, especially their biology), are the proprietors of the Ozark Underground Laboratory, which is located a few miles from Bull Shoals Lake, almost on and under the Arkansas-Missouri state line. The principal facility of the lab is a fine, large, wild cave called Tumbling Creek. For a fee, the Alelys make their cave available to professional biologists, geologists, crystallographers and paleontologists who have subterranean research interests; and also to environmental and student groups which have a serious interest in caves or which the couple think might be infected with such an interest.

Aboveground there is a bunkhouse for visitors, the Alelys' own home and a conventional office from which they conduct their business, which, as Tom Alely puts it, is being "consulting hydrologists and limnologists specializing in the groundwater dynamics of karst areas." Another way to put it is that they go about the country identifying and solv-

ing problems having to do with how water runs into, through and out of karst areas, or regions of irregular limestone or dolomite with sinks, underground streams and caverns.

Last June I took Alely up on his invitation to visit him near Protem, and he and I commenced a tour of his Tumbling Creek Cave at a pace and in postures suitable for the senior member. By and by we came to a particularly fine breakdown room. (Large rooms and passages are generally formed by two processes. Groundwater eats away at soluble rock, enlarging interior crevices by slowly dissolving the rock, eventually undercutting other blocks of rock which remain in the walls and ceilings. As their supports are weakened these may come crashing down. If there is a cave stream then they in time are dissolved and flow out of the cave.)

Because they are protected from the agents that are constantly changing surface topography, caves are relatively stable phenomena, compared to mountain peaks, slopes or open river gorges. Nevertheless there are inevitably thoughts about engineering and quality control when one is in a big breakdown room. We were talking about this when Alely asked, "Did you ever think you were trapped?"

"I knew I was lost a time or two, but never trapped."

"I did once." Alely is a tall, lanky man with a full, gingery beard. As he talks, he has a habit of blinking like an owl that has come in out of the dark, and he did so with increasing rapidity as he spoke.

"In 1959 three of us were working a big, complicated cave on the north side of the Grand Canyon," he said. "There was a long crawlway entrance, then came a large passage oriented along a fault line. We had left that area and were about a half mile inside when we heard a great roar, as if jets were warming up in the next room. We could only imagine that the entrance must have collapsed. It never occurred to us that it might have been an earthquake. We felt no vibrations and saw nothing move, but we were terrified and we talked about what to do. Finally we decided to go ahead, farther into the cave."

"Come off it."

"No. It's true. Actually it made sense, or at least caving sense. If the entrance had collapsed there was no way we could

continued



The focus of the free-form house that Tom and Cathy built (left) is up. Checking equipment for a descent, he's deep in thought.



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dig out from the inside and nobody was going to find us or get equipment up there to help us for a long time. We decided that there was nothing we could do about it either way and that if we went back we would end up wasting a whole day of caving."

When they did return they found the entrance open. Later they learned there had been a minor earthquake at the time they heard the noise. "We saw no movement of any kind, and yet the quake had been strong enough to knock things off shelves in shops in the area," said Alely. "What I remember is that it didn't really hit us until we started back. The closer we got the faster we went and the less we said. When we saw light we began bobbing, punching and hugging each other. Everything, the sky, clouds, bushes—and especially the sun and space—looked so good. I wouldn't want to repeat the experience, but it does demonstrate how stable caves really are."

As an undergraduate, Alely was a forestry student at the University of California in Berkeley. For recreation he began going about with rock climbers. After learning basic climbing techniques, he found out about caves.

During the next few years he became something of a maestro, discovering caves and making descents and climbs in the Sierra Nevada and other Western ranges which are still admired by cavers for the technical problems they pose. In 1963, in a serendipitous way, Alely lost his amateur status. The Cuban missile crisis gave rise to speculation that Soviet technicians might have placed sophisticated weapons in Cuban caves, and that had created an official interest in caves. A professor of Alely's suggested he might be able to get a grant to do research in the karst areas of one of the Caribbean islands. He applied through the university and a few weeks later was in Jamaica doing research on the hydrology of caves for the Office of Naval Research. "It was nice to be able to tell my draft board that I would be leaving the country to do research for a branch of the armed services," says Alely.

After some more caving (and some more study at the University of Arizona), Alely settled in the Los Angeles area and took a job with a private engineering firm as chief hydrologist. (He had received a master's degree in forestry with an emphasis in hydrology.) The pay was

CAVES continued

good, Aley says, but the work wasn't particularly stimulating. "Hydrology was originally regarded as a natural science, and I think that is what it is and how it should be treated," he says. "But even by the time I started it was beginning to be a branch of engineering. Most hydrologists tend to look for uniform, technological solutions. If their specialty is surface water they aren't too concerned with what happens to it when it goes underground, and vice versa."

Like many cavers, Aley had thought that it would be satisfying to have a cavern of his own, but unlike most he acted on the notion. "I was impressed with the Arizona-Sonoran Desert Museum [a justly famous collection of living animals and plants, displayed to give some insight into desert ecology]. I didn't have it clearly worked out, but I thought maybe I could do something similar with caves and associated phenomena, establish a research and educational center. I felt there was a need for this because underground systems are so important and so poorly understood."

While still employed as a hydrologist, Aley began looking for underground facilities. Eventually he came upon the Tumbling Creek Cave, which had long been known to local residents but hadn't greatly interested them. As any caver, sporting or scientific, would be, Aley was immediately enthralled. Tumbling Creek is a large system, with about 10,000 feet of passages open to humans. Within it are a sizable underground stream, several waterfalls and a lot of excellent, fancy cave formations. It is perhaps most remarkable for its biology, supporting more than 100 species of animals which, so far as anybody has determined, is more than live in any other single cavern west of the Mississippi River. Largely for this reason it has been designated by the Federal Government as a National Natural Landmark.

Though there are long-standing suspicions and myths that caves make fine habitats for weird monsters, the fact is that few large animals care to advance beyond the entrance light zone. Obligatory cave dwellers (troglodites, which have so adapted that they cannot now live in any environment except that of a cave) are invariably small to microscopic, including such creatures as snails, isopods, amphipods, millipedes, crickets, mites, tiny spiders and springtails. The

largest permanent resident of the Tumbling Creek Cave is the 3-inch-long Ozark blind salamander. One of the smaller, and the rarest, is a pale, cyclops snail which is about the size of the head of a common pin. All known representatives of both the species and the genus of this snail (*Anatobia culveri*) live along 50 yards or so of the stream that flows through Tumbling Creek Cave.

There are eight species of bats (including the Indiana and the grey bat, both on the federal endangered species list) which are critically dependent on caves or equivalent habitats; 150,000 grey bats, the largest summer colony of this species west of the Mississippi River, breed, forage out of and spend the warm-weather months in Tumbling Creek Cave. They are of immense importance to everything else that lives there (as bats are to all caves) for reasons that are instructive in regard to the overall ecological systems that operate underground.

With the possible exception of extreme ocean depths, caves are the poorest of all environments so

far as their energy supplies are concerned. Tumbling Creek Cave supports an exceptional number and diversity of animals because, by subterranean standards, it is so rich in the most common food-fuel-energy resource found in caves. That is bat guano. Aley estimates that the bats that pour out of his cave every summer evening collectively capture and digest about 1,000 pounds of insects from which they manufacture and deposit about 200 pounds of guano a day. Being fascinated by all such matters, Aley has analyzed the manure, great mounds and ridges of which have built up in some of the cave passages, and found that a gram contains 3.5 calories or about the same as an equal amount of fast-food hamburger.

Because of the bats, Tumbling Creek is a kind of Saudi Arabia among caverns. However, all surface habitats accumulate, directly or indirectly from the sun, far larger energy resources than bats can deposit in this or any other cave. Consequently, all permanent cave creatures

have evolved to survive in conditions of chronic fuel shortage. Obligatory cave creatures are small because there isn't enough energy available to support big ones. They move slowly—a cave salamander crawls along in what for a surface salamander would be slow motion—grow slowly and aren't reproductively vigorous. Individually, they are long-lived. A cave crawfish, for example, may have a life-span of 50 years while a surface crawfish's may be less than a tenth of that. All these characteristics reflect the fact that it is more energy efficient to produce a few slowly maturing but durable models than to keep turning out new ones which need to be frequently replaced.

Perhaps the most intricate and beautiful adaptation of cave creatures is that they have become relatively unadaptable. On the surface the abundance of energy permits and requires constant change. Virtually all species possess strengths and behavioral options which they may not need in their given envi-



Ozark sinkholes are common, though gaping holes are not.

ronment but which are held in reserve to cope with sudden changes. In a cave this flexibility is largely superfluous, and to a considerable degree has been sacrificed. The catch is that cave creatures are all but helpless if the stability of their peculiar environment is shattered. A surface salamander living in a shallow pond can, if the pond is obliterated or degraded, move elsewhere and has considerable ca-

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capacity, individually and as a species, to adjust its living arrangements. An Ozark blind salamander deprived of its cave cannot survive elsewhere, and there is little reproductive response the species can make to such a disaster.

In somewhat the same way inanimate features of caves are also very fragile. Most of the delicate formations and the entire structure of many cave passages are often brittle and precarious. Small, sudden intrusions of surface light, water, frost or plant roots can score, crack or collapse marvelous pieces of subterranean sculpture which have been millions of years in the making. So too can humans, who as a practical matter are among the few large animals who go far enough into caves to be disruptive. With a hammer or bare hands a malicious person can casually devastate a beautiful cave in a few hours. Benign but careless ones often create more disturbances than they know. In regard to vandalism, a little-known but particularly offensive sort is sometimes practiced in caves. Owners of commercial "show" caves have been known to go into attractive wild ones with saws, remove all or parts of interesting formations, take them back to and cement them into their places of business. There they are given names like God's Cucumber, illuminated with purple lights and mentioned in the spiel of tour guides as fine examples of How Grand Nature Is.

Not surprisingly, most serious cavers are fierce protectionists. "I don't think I'm an extremist," says Aley. "I don't believe that we need to lock up every cave and preserve it. My feeling about environmental protection in general is that we are part of the natural system. We have needs and desires. To satisfy them we will make changes, as do all species. In the process some things are lost and altered, new ones are created. But it is practical and ethical to look beyond immediate gratification, convenience and greed. This is particularly true with caves. We can make what may be mistakes on the surface—say, level a forest unnecessarily—but we have some capacity to correct them, stop doing what we have been doing and repair the damage. We have no capacity to make a cave or restore one after we have meddled with it. So it seems to me we have to be especially careful with them."

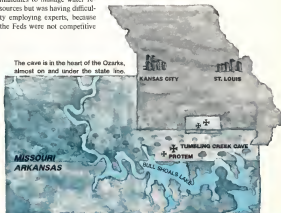
In 1966 Aley bought 126 acres of oak

woods and pasture that overlie Tumbling Creek Cave. (He has since increased his holdings to 286 acres.) He then started hunting for a job in the Ozark region. "I thought I might be in for a period of long-distance commuting," says Aley, "but before I began looking for work outside the area I stopped by the Forest Service [this federal agency has large holdings in the Ozarks]. With my undergraduate degree in forestry I thought maybe I could mark timber or something for them."

To Aley's surprise and good fortune, what the Forest Service badly wanted was a hydrologist. As part of the growing interest in environmental matters the Service had been given new mandates to manage water resources but was having difficulty employing experts, because the Feds were not competitive

outlets and inlets to underground water systems—investigating the drainage areas and determining how water quality was affected by surface activities.

"The popular opinion is that all springs are always pure," says Aley. "The reason for it is that springs are cold and look clear because they discharge water from underground, where the temperature is relatively constant and where algae and microscopic plants, which cloud surface water, cannot grow because of the lack of sunlight. However, this doesn't guarantee that they are safe for drinking and other human use. If the water that flows out of a spring has entered the ground in a diffuse recharge



MAP BY TONY AUSTIN

with private employers in salaries. "It was important for me to be in this area, so I went to work for them for about half what I had been paid in California," says Aley. "Professionally, though, it was interesting. Nobody in the Service was certain about what needed to be done, so they gave me a free hand to experiment with some ideas of my own."

For the same reason that the Ozarks have lots of caves—extensive deposits of water-soluble rock—there are also a great many springs, seeps and sinkholes in the area. Much of Aley's work with the Forest Service had to do with these

area [i.e., seeps slowly down through substantial layers of soil and rock], then the filtering process usually purifies it. But in cave areas much of the water goes underground through discrete recharge zones such as sinks. [On the surface a sink may not appear to be a gaping hole. The mouth may be lightly covered with debris or thin layers of soil, but below it is an open conduit capable of transporting a lot of water.] Sinks are openings to natural pipelines. They discharge water directly into underground passages, and very little filtration and other natural cleansing take place. If a spring is part of

continued

a sink system the water will still be clear and cool but it may not be—in fact probably isn't—pure. What comes out of it depends upon what went into it at the other end.

"There is another thing that is hard for people to understand. The direction of underground drainage may not correspond to that of surface drainage. There is a sink area on the laboratory property. We traced the underground flow by putting dye in a sinking stream that entered the ground near the sinks. The marked water reappeared in the cave stream, which was on the other side of the surface valley, passing directly under a surface stream. People who would never think of polluting a surface system—much less a spring—might dump waste water in sinks or other discrete recharge zones. It seems a commonsense thing to do because water disappears rapidly and it appears to be going into the ground where it won't hurt anybody, but what they are putting in a sink may come up miles away in a different direction and contaminate a spring or well.

"I was working in Barbados one time. The government was developing a big cave as a tourist attraction. An official party which included the prime minister visited the cave one day. While his staff was carrying on about what a beautiful place it was, selling the project, I showed him a spot where the water had been contaminated by sewage. The prime minister asked me what the terrible smell was. I told him, 'Sir, that is the smell of feces.'

"There were a lot of very open connections for water between the surface and the subsurface in that part of the country. People had made a point of building their outhouses in them because the waste disappeared rapidly. Where some of it went to was this show cave. They were able to clean it up, whether through sewage treatment or moving the outhouses. I'm not sure. I've found the same thing in the Ozarks—caves and springs contaminated with raw sewage, runoff from highways, industrial chemicals and even solid waste. There is one passage I know in which the floor is cov-

ered with scraps of moldy leather which were flushed underground from a sink that a shoe factory was using as a dump."

While he was employed by the Forest Service, Alek was frequently sent to other administrative regions to ply his unique trade. In 1973 it was decided that he should be transferred permanently to Illinois to deal with hydrological problems associated with strip mines in the coalfields. Alek didn't want to relocate in Illinois, had no great enthusiasm for the new assignment and quit the Forest Service. It was at about this time that his first marriage broke up.



This 3-inch blind salamander is the cave's largest resident.

For some months Alek had a rough time of it. "I was lonely and I was broke," he says. "I thought there was an economic and environmental need for a consultant with my background, but I sent out scores of letters and proposals and there was only minimal response for a good many months. The difficulty was not so much selling myself—I knew a lot of people and I think had a good reputation because of my work in California and with the Forest Service. It was selling the idea of what amounted to a new profession. There was nobody doing what I wanted to do—and, as a matter of fact, there is still nobody else doing it on a full-time basis."

While potential clients were mulling over their need for a consulting karst-hydrologist, Alek supported himself as a freelance carpenter and guitarist in coffeehouses in towns in the area.

Among the early student parties that came to Tumbling Creek was one from Wichita State University. In the group was a young woman, Cathy Keith, who

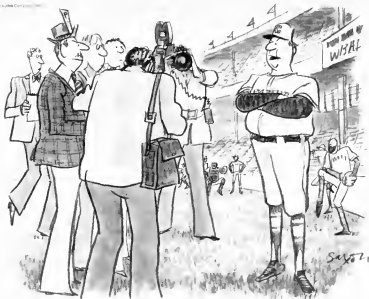
was then completing work on her master's degree at that institution. Alek had previously been acquainted with the presiding professor. A few months later when he was in Wichita doing a concert Alek asked him if he had a student who might like to work as an associate at the cave. Alek said any such person should have an academic interest in water and underground phenomena, would have to work for very little money and should be female.

"To repeat, I was lonely," says Alek. "I was an arranged bride," says Cathy Keith Alek. "My professor told me about the job but not the female part. It was in the summer and I was doing some collecting in ponds and streams in Kansas. I put it out of my mind, mostly because I didn't think my credentials would be good enough. But I liked the idea because I wanted a job which was interesting and I didn't care that much about the money. Late in the summer I wrote Tom a note inquiring about the job. A few days later this man called me on the phone and talked and talked and talked and kept insisting I drive down to the place. I finally said I would. When I got here I figured out what the real score was, but the work he talked about was fascinating and also I liked Tom. I stayed a week, went home, packed up my things, came back and moved in."

By then Alek's consulting business had picked up or, more accurately, commenced. "One night I was working on the house and the phone rang," he recalls. "It was somebody down in Arkansas who had well and spring problems. It was a couple of hundred miles south of here but I said I'd be there by six o'clock the next morning. While I was packing I got another phone call from somebody to the north of here. I said I'd be there in a couple of days. When I stopped back to get clean clothes on my way from Arkansas there were two letters from people who had jobs for me. Ever since there has been as much work as we want."

In 1975 Cathy and Tom Alek became full partners professionally and matrimonially. The two children from his previous marriage frequently visit them. "We

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still have our specialties," says Cathy, "but there is no hard and fast division of the work. We have learned from each other. I can run dye tests, and Tom has learned to take biological samples."

Among other things, the Aleys are apparently the only pair of professional cave consultants in existence. They have made their expertise available to public land agencies, including the Bureau of Land Management, National Park Service, U.S. Forest Service and a number of owners of private, commercial caves to explore and assess the recreational potential and environmental importance of caverns. Also they train both public and private guides.

The more substantive part of their practice now involves natural underground water systems. Currently, for example, the couple is engaged in a hydrological survey for the community of Eureka Springs, Ark., a resort famous for its fine water. A few years ago local residents became concerned that some of the springs were not as fine as they had been. The suspicion was that they were vulnerable to contamination from the city sewage system. The Aleys are now testing these springs and their sources, collecting aquatic organisms and making recommendations about what should be done with sewer lines to protect the quality of the waters.

The Eureka Springs job is especially satisfying for the couple, because it is preventive. Increasingly they are being called in after hydrological disasters have occurred and legal actions have begun. The Aleys became involved in one such controversy several years ago when they received a call from a desperate dairy farmer in western Missouri. For years the man had been, without difficulties, piping water for his herd from a large spring. A few months before he called the Aleys the spring had suddenly gone bad. Chemical analysis revealed excessive amounts of nitrogen. The concentration was so high that milk production from cows that drank the water decreased. The dairyman suspected that the nitrogen was coming from one of the fertilizer pipelines which crisscross that part of the Midwest. This seemed to be beyond proving, because the nearest such line was half a mile from the contaminated spring.

"I drove up to look," says Aley. "This

fellow was in tough shape. He was afraid he was going to lose the whole farm. He told me the pipeline company had said that they had no responsibility for what happened to his water. That ticked me off. He was very short of cash but I told him I would work just for expenses."

Aley found a small sink immediately adjacent to the pipeline on a ridge be-



A troglodite is a tiny cave creature.

yond the farm. "It was dry and we couldn't haul in enough water to force dye through that hole. Instead we piped water from a pond near there down the sink. We strung up about 1,000 feet of irrigation line and that little sink sucked up 18,000 gallons in six hours. When it was going and I had put in the dye, I drove home. I didn't get back until midnight. At 4:30 the next morning the farmer was on the phone to tell me the whole area around his spring and the stream below it was emerald green from the dye. That was conclusive evidence about the source of contamination. This is getting to be a common problem. Some of the fertilizer lines were previously used for gas and oil. When they are converted they should be treated, because fertilizer is corrosive, but a lot of operators haven't bothered to do this. Fertilizer eats through the line. Generally the leakage in cave areas isn't obvious and can't be traced, but because of that sink we were lucky with this one. The pipeline company settled with that farm-

er and when it did I was one of the first to get a check."

Though they charge modest fees for its use, both Aleys tend to bristle at any suggestion that Tumbling Creek Cave is commercial and are quick to point out that income from the cave itself barely covers the expense of maintaining it for the use of others and doesn't begin to pay them, at their customary rates, for the time they spend displaying it.

Tumbling Creek isn't open to casual passersby. Small student and environmental groups must make advance arrangements to visit, and when they do either Tom or Cathy spends most of a day with them providing what amounts to a short course in cave ecology. Typically, a tour group will be occupied in the morning walking about on the surface, listening to an Aley hold forth on sinks, drainage systems and karst features. After lunch the visitors are escorted underground to be instructed about the cave itself. The Aleys feel this sequence is necessary to illustrate a point which they preach with almost messianic fervor—that there are complex and influential relationships between surface and subterranean happenings.

"Many of the people who come here are already enthusiastic environmentalists," says Tom, "but I try to make the point that hard-core protectionism is not the best or even a practical solution to many problems having to do with caves or the environment in general."

"We try to determine what will be the consequences of various courses of action and make them known to the people who live there and are concerned. I believe that if people have good information they will almost always act in reasonable and responsible ways. In surface-underground relationships a big problem has been that a lot of people haven't had good information and aren't really aware that there are such relationships. That comes back to why we think this cave is educationally valuable."

"If we mismanage our land, waters and natural resources out of ignorance or greed we weaken and degrade our country in fundamental and lasting ways," says Tom. "To the extent we can find and practice environmental harmony, we improve the quality of life and decrease the costs of living. I think that is a profoundly patriotic act."

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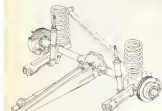
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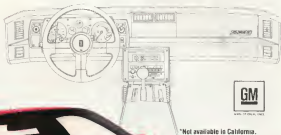
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CHEVY MAKES GOOD THINGS HAPPEN

First Person

by BOBBY MITCHELL

A WINTER-LEAGUER'S ENNUI IS BROKEN
BY AN OBSESSION: FERNANDO TONIGHT

I shot three lizards this afternoon behind the hotel in Navojoa. They just stood there, tensed, blinking in the Mexican sun. I was surprised to see the red blood. I don't know why. When I was about nine, some kid broke my favorite bat, a black lacquered 29-inch Rocky Colavito model. I was surprised then, too, and in the same way, at the whiteness of the wood exposed by the crack.

Fernando tonight. That thought was a nagging companion all day. It was there between the sights of the Crossman Air Gun, especially when I aimed at the fatter lizards. While my roommate shoots BB's into the hotel room air conditioner that doesn't work, I think Fernando tonight. Tecate beer cans, most riddled with holes, are next to the bed, nestled in a pile of dirty uniforms. More are on the floor, the desk, the window sill. No TV. No radio. For two days, we've done almost nothing but sleep, eat and shoot at the room.

My roommate spent most of the morning shaving a bat with a piece of glass. Down here, in winter-league baseball, hitters shave their bats, groove them, cork them—looking for an edge. Pitchers scratch the balls, pine-tar their fingers, Vaseline their pitches—looking for an edge. Now there's quite a pile of shavings on the floor next to his bed. He got four days in the big leagues with Houston after eight years of minor league ball and a year in Vietnam. Now he plays year-round in Mexico. It makes me nervous, his life, especially when he picks up the gun and shoots the air conditioner.

I went to college. I studied Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer; I dozed through biology, endured finite math. Now, 300 miles south of the U.S. border, staring at a ceiling, I think Fernando tonight. Strange, surreal, wondrous, amusing to be 27, single, unmarried, professional yet anonymous, and spend the day thinking, Fernando tonight. But, comfortably, it's another in an ever-dimen-

ishing line of chances to emerge from baseball anonymity.

As I begin the ritual of putting on my uniform, I picture a line drive off his shin, a line drive at his head, a home run to right. I picture the screwball, I see the line drive back up the middle, his grimace of pain. . . I hear the phone ring the next morning. I know what I will say.

"Yes, Curt [No Mr. Gowdy or so—after all, I've arrived]. I hit a low, hanging screwball [modesty, the height of conceit].

"Well, I visited him in the hospital last night [David comforts Goliath], and he seemed to be in good spirits considering the multiple fractures of his leg [I can't resist].

"No, Curt, no time in the big leagues [yet]. No, I'm not bitter."

Forget it, Fernando tonight.



There he is, in centerfield, shagging for batting practice, jacketed, looks like he should skip a few meals. I consider calling out, "Hey Fernando, yeah, you—don't be afraid to mix in a diet salad once in a while." I stretch my legs, do push-ups and sit-ups. There's adrenaline already—calm down, back off, not too soon. I glance at him out there again, then again. I force my attention elsewhere, but glance once more. His humanity is reassuring, its proximity bothersome, but his gut, it pleases me. It's his banner of weakness.

Batting and infield practice down here are perfunctory: one isn't trying to get better, only ready. Tonight the ritual seems to go on and on. A band plays a song over and over again up in the bleachers—the lyrics, as best I can discern, consist entirely of the word "Fernando." It's his winter ball debut, and there's a big crowd—10,000?

I sit way back in the dugout during pregame ceremonies, adopting the ridiculous attitude that to be attentive is only to increase his edge. All my teammates on the Mazatlan Venados are up on the steps. I wish they would move so I could see. The governor of the state of Sonora approaches the plate, beaming at Fernando reverently, resolutely through the boos of his constituents. The man is wearing white shoes and leather jacket. He extends his hand to Fernando while

still eight or nine feet away, apparently afraid that the opportunity to shake the hand of the nation's hero will be denied him at the last moment. I feel sorry, embarrassed for the man. All day the poor guy probably was thinking Fernando tonight.

Valenzuela steps up to the microphone. All I can understand of his speech is "Muchas gracias," which he says a lot. Now a collection of politicians advance, jostling, trying to shake his hand. I see one guy touch him and retreat, content with the contact. The stadium lights go out. The leftfield wall explodes with fireworks and spelled out in the air is BIENVENIDOS FERNANDO. The smoke is carrying toward rightfield. Pull the ball to right, to right.

His first pitch is a fastball. I lean over the plate as it passes, nothing special there. I guess screwball on the next pitch, and I'm right. It will be inside, pull it, pull it! I do, and the first baseman fields it cleanly and steps on the bag. O.K., I'm on him. Next time. I'm on him. It's all right. Next time his first pitch is a fastball and I get under it just a bit. Foul ball behind home. It will go in the stands. The wind, it's bringing it back. The catcher flicks out his glove like a lizard's tongue and the ball disappears. I walk back to the dugout. He's only pitching five innings tonight. I won't have another chance. Wait—I visualize the schedule—yes, we play this team again, we play them again. **END**

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COLLEGE OR THE PROS?
Sir,

As your article *Does Herschel Have Georgia on His Mind?* (March 1) indicates, Herschel Walker is one athlete in a million, perhaps one in a billion. He has superior athletic ability, fine academic credentials and an extraordinary temperament. This is all the more reason why Walker should stay at Georgia until he gets his degree. If Walker were to challenge the NFL eligibility rule and win, it would not only set a legal precedent, but also an attitudinal precedent, opening the floodgates for every amscrupulous agent and every ego-inflated athlete who thinks he can make it in the pros. Granted, it would be a shame to deny Walker the opportunity to play as the pros now. But it just may be a sacrifice he has to make so that others won't have to experience strife and anguish.

ROBERT W. DEWILST
Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir,

It may be that Herschel Walker, a bright young man, would benefit from two more years in college. But it is increasingly clear that many of the nation's college athletes who might jump to the NFL are not really receiving a college education anyway. Under the circumstances, it is hypocritical to speak of a player giving up his college education for the remote chance of playing in the NFL. Many players have a better chance of making it in the NFL than of earning a college degree, and they should have the opportunity to try to do so if they choose.

GEORGE BERNSTEIN
New Orleans

Sir,

Anytime a college football player can get a million-dollar contract in the NFL or in Canadian football, he should take it. With wise management, he can guarantee himself financial security for life. Walker could still pursue a college degree during the off-season. What would Walker's earning potential be if he was severely injured next season?

BILL KLING JR.
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir,

Herschel Walker is good, no doubt about it, but if he leaves Georgia he'll be leaving a lot. Good luck, Herschel; the decision is yours. But don't forget that if you decide to go to the pros, they may strike. You wouldn't be running then, you'd be a walker for sure.

FREDERICK W. KALPS II
Montgomery, Ala.

Sir,

John Underwood's insightful article pro-

vided an interesting peek into the enigma that is Herschel Walker. It would certainly stir up a hornet's nest if this extremely gifted athlete decided to challenge the NFL. But I'm betting that Herschel will do just as Underwood hinted: His will be a challenge in name only, and Herschel will "then bleibely pick up his Georgia helmet and go back to practice, his college eligibility intact."

Whichever path this personable, intelligent young man chooses, someday he should be one helluva prospect for the FBI.

HAROLD D. CHRISTENSEN
San Francisco**ISLANDERS**
Sir,

Thank you so much for a super article (*Raise One to the Islanders*, March 1). The Islanders not only set an NHL record for consecutive victories, but also demonstrated a unique oneness as a team. Being a devoted fan, one who was lucky enough to be at that record-breaking game, I know for a fact that Islander fans also share a special bond. The kind of thunderous applause our Islanders heard was definitely the kind they deserved. I'm proud to be an Islander fan!

LORETTA DRONCO
Dix Hills, N.Y.

Sir,

Don't you think the New York Islanders should have been on your March 1 cover? All they have done is won the Stanley Cup two years in a row and break a 52-year-old winning-streak record. Who wants to see a half-naked football player, anyway? The swissart issue was a while ago.

TIM FROMMER
Aspen, Colo.**TROUBLES OF GEORGE**
Sir,

Thank you for the fine article on George McGinnis (*Oh, What Might Have Been*, March 1). I, too, grew up in Indianapolis, and as a 5'8", 175-pound junior end, I had the awesome task of lining up on the football field across from "Big George" when our Northwest Pioneers played westside rival and No. 1-ranked Washington during McGinnis' All-America senior year.

Being a foot shorter and 50 pounds lighter than George, I understandably had a few self-doubts until I actually engaged George at the line of scrimmage. To my pleasant surprise, George offered all the resistance of a blocking sled, when he wasn't sidestepping me completely, and only seemed interested in the game when his number was called on pass plays.

I followed George to Indiana University,

where I marveled at his talent on the basketball court. I also noticed that when he didn't have the ball, George seemed to lose interest in the game.

I was pleased when George turned pro, because I was certain the stiff competition in the ABA would finally require him to work—enabling him to mature as an athlete and finally play up to his God-given potential. As Bruce Newman's article so painfully pointed out, this was not to be.

Even McGinnis admits, "If I'd had the inner strength, there's no telling what I would have done." Perhaps if George would tap the real source of his talent, he would find inspiration on the court—and off.

JOHN SALTZER
Play-by-Play Announcer
KMVI Radio Sports
Maui, Hawaii

Sir,

It was nice to see an article on George McGinnis. However, you didn't finish it. You neglected to mention that even though most rights George can't let the broad side of a barn, we Indiana Pacer fans love him as much as any guy on the team, and the applause for him reflects our feelings when he goes into a game or comes out of it. George McGinnis gives it all of George McGinnis every minute he is on the floor. He is still a superstar to Pacer fans; he just doesn't start anymore.

JOEY LAMFREY
Indianapolis

Sir,

In the picture of George McGinnis playing Intellivision with his son, I noticed that the game cartridge is missing. I'll bet the only way George "can control the game" with his son is to play without a cartridge. In fact, the only way any dad can control a game of Intellivision with his son is to play without a cartridge.

NOEL PRICE
Fresno, Calif.

Sir,

"Oh, what might have been" if George and Tony had played Intellivision with the cartridge in?

JEFF PODRZSWA
Denville, N.J.**LUCIANO VS. WEAVER**

Sir,

After reading Part II of the article *Barg! Barg! You're Out* (Feb. 22 and March 1) by former American League umpire Ron Luciano and David Fisher explaining why Orioles Manager Earl Weaver is the worst enemy umpires ever had, it was difficult for me to

continued

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decide which one was the good guy. As an Orioles fan who has watched many a game at Memorial Stadium, I always thought it was worth the price of admission just to see Luciano and Weaver perform their antics on the diamond. What a pair of buffoons!

STAN WILSON
Baltimore

Sir:

Ron Luciano says that Earl Weaver will go directly from the Orioles' dugout to the Hall of Fame. Of course, he is right. If Luciano had been as good an umpire as Weaver is a manager, Luciano might get to Cooperstown, too. If Luciano had spent as much time trying to umpire as he did being a hot dog, perhaps he wouldn't have been involved in so many arguments. People attend baseball games to see the teams—managers included—not some overgrown clown with a quick thumb. Baseball would be much poorer if Weaver had never managed, but would probably have been better off if Luciano had joined a circus.

Tom Grant
Garrett Hill, Pa.

Sir:

One of the great disappointments in this fan's baseball memory was when Luciano hung up his non-spikes. He personified, in the unlikely form of an umpire, the true nature of the sport. That there should be fan in the midst of all the self-righteous seriousness is something we too easily forget. In an age of strikes, ridiculous salary demands, seemingly endless arbitration and free-agency disputes, he is sorely missed.

DENIS SPARKS
Seattle

Sir:

Ron Luciano's article on Earl Weaver was fabulous! Please tell me how many major league games Weaver has been tossed out of.

RICH KALKON
Hollbrook, Mass.

• Weaver has been thrown out of 81 major league games by 36 different umpires. Luciano and Marty Springstead share the "record," each of them having given Weaver the thumb seven times.—ED

THEIR TOWN

Sir:

Nearly seven years ago, I took a giant step outside the city limits of Hamilton, Ohio and have never been back. However, my mind and heart got the opportunity to return to my residence of 10 years, thanks to Peter Davis and his excellent article *A Town Divided Against Itself* (March 1).

I respect Davis' work both as a journalist and as a former resident of Hamilton. One of the most memorable moments in my life was pulling off the warmup suit of my red-and-gold Garfield uniform and entering the game against Taft High. The emotion of the contest made my minute and a half of playing time seem like an hour.

Davis' insight is far deeper than that of many of the people still living in Hamilton. I always find it amusing that people talk about keeping politics out of sports only when it's time for the Olympics. Davis welcomes us all to the real world.

In examining the Biblical and Lincolnian logic of the story's headline, it would follow that "a town divided against itself" could not stand. But having grown up with and among the people of the Lindenwald, North End and Second Ward sections of Hamilton, I know they have a substance that—divided or not—will not let the city fall.

MICHAEL L. BLACKBURN
City Editor
Bristol Newspapers, Inc.
Bristol, Va.

Sir:

Having grown up in Hamilton, Ohio, having graduated from the old Hamilton High, and having completed my student teaching at Garfield, I take my hat off to Peter Davis for an incisive, right-on sociological study that perfectly captures the essence of life in Hamilton and in many similar small cities throughout this country. What better microcosm of that type of community can be used to mirror social, economic and political issues and realities than the big high school game?

Though my objectivity has been dimmed by time and distance, I remember the homecoming parades down High Street, and the 13,000-plus fans who trekked to the Cincinnati Gardens twice a year to see us play Hamilton High's archrival, Middletown, in basketball. Witnessing a city unified in the interests of the young in their pursuit of wholesome competition is something I miss dearly. Although Davis has taken the edge off my romanticizing, I still feel that Hamilton was a perfect place in which to grow up.

JERRY MASSEY
Dean of Students
Hollywood High School
Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

As executive director of the Boys' Club of Hamilton, Inc., I thought you might like to know that several of the article's leading characters—Tony McCoy, Scott Grevey and Robbie Hodge—were members of a Boys' Club basketball team in 1971-72. In our small way we tried to prepare the boys for the antisocial factors presented in Peter Davis' story. They were coached by a black volunteer, in a Boys' Club building paid for by black and white volunteer contributions, located on "Hamilton's" elder, shabbier East Side." Norm Grevey, who doesn't need me to defend him, made sure that his sons played their first organized basketball in this setting.

The Boys' Club is one of many institutions that know our hometown has its faults but are working to improve our lot.

LARRY WEEKLEY
Hamilton, Ohio

ACADEMIC NOTES

Sir:

The most remarkable aspect of Virginia's performance on the basketball court this year (Not Alone at the Top, Feb. 22) is that the school has achieved a measure of success in the athletic arena while maintaining a high academic standard. The New York Times Selective Guide to Colleges rated Virginia as one of the country's best universities, with a "rigorous" curriculum and "tough" grading. Furthermore, during four of the past five years, Virginia has had more student-athletes on the ACC Honor Roll than any other ACC institution. In Charlottesville it seems the concept of the student-athlete lives.

SCOTT B. MYERS
Ventura, Calif.

Sir:

Hurrah for Steve Causton! Your SCORECARD item (March 1) on his achievement of earning his high-school diploma was exemplary. What better role model for our young athletes than this young man who has attained the heights of athletics but made a point of continuing his education? The U.S. should be proud of him as an ambassador of our better qualities.

MARK E. JOYCE
Rockland, Maine

Sir:

I very much enjoyed reading that the University of New Mexico has made great strides in reconstructing its basketball program and that the basketball team led all Lobo men's teams last semester with a 2.8 grade-point average (SCORECARD, March 1). It is to be commended for reporting this encouraging news. However, don't you think the institution and people involved in the revitalization deserve as much space as that given to the sensational scandal? I, for one, do.

RICHARD G. GRANT
Pocahontas, Pa.

Sir:

Your article *Jackie Hits the Jackpot* (Feb. 1) on the Texas A&M situation and the large salary being paid Coach Jackie Sherrill correctly pointed out the generosity of Aggie gifts to the athletic department and that the coach's salary would be paid from these contributions. In defense of academics at A&M, however, allow me to point out that contributions made through The Association of Former Students totaled more than \$2 million in 1981. None of this money is used for athletics. It is used only to promote academic excellence at the university.

GLENN D. HUDSON
Kilgore, Texas

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